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DON RODERICK.

THE
WORKS
OF
WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

VOL. VII.

1. THE VISION OF DON RODERICK. — 2. THE
FIELD OF WATERLOO. — 3. POEMS.

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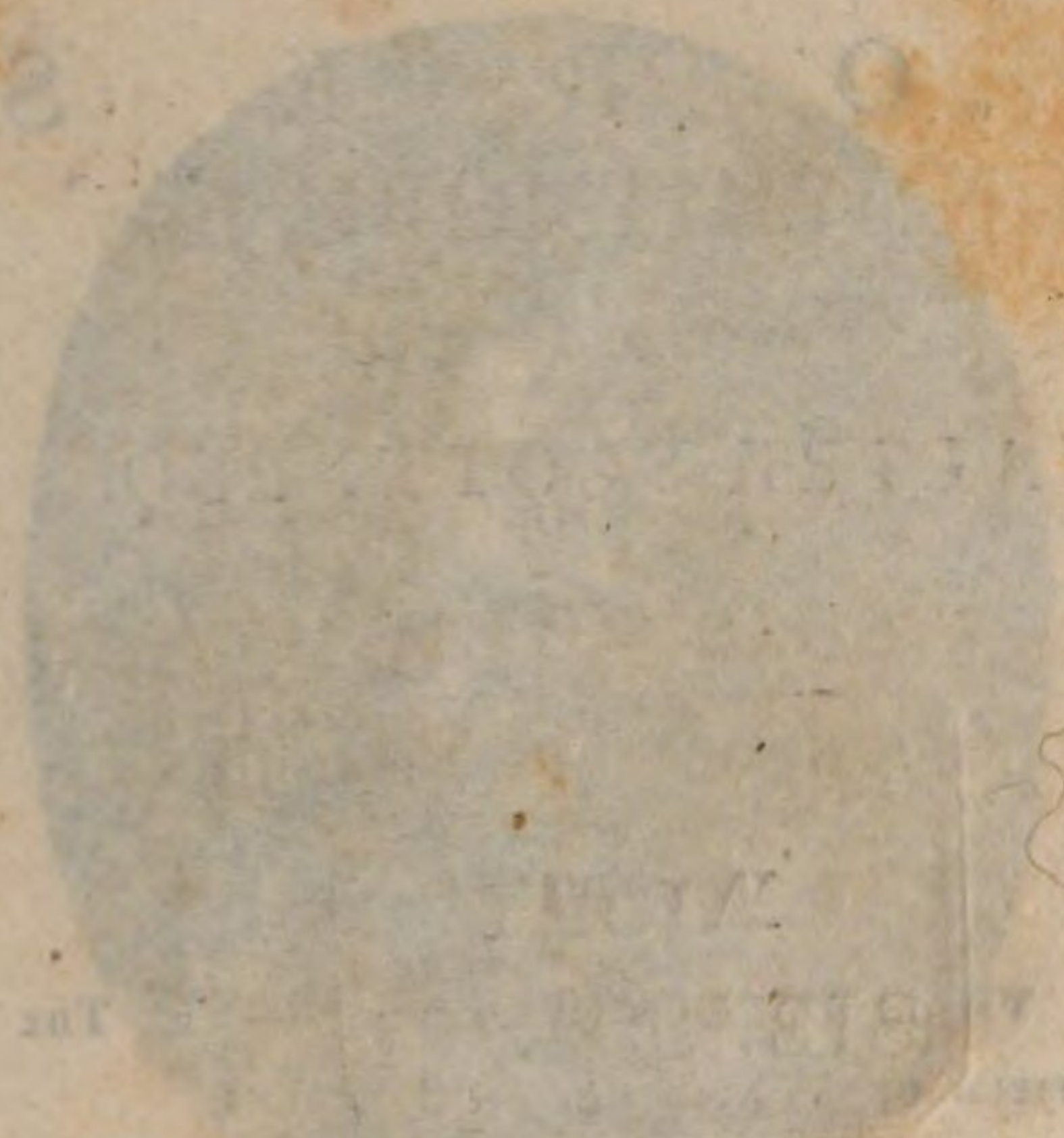
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1821.

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THE



NOT TO BE USED FOR THE

RECORDS OF THE

SWITZERLAND

RECORDS OF THE

1881

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To  
**JOHN WHITMORE, Esq.**

AND TO THE  
COMMITTEE OF SUBSCRIBERS FOR RELIEF OF THE POR-  
TUGUEZE SUFFERERS, IN WHICH HE PRESIDES,

**THIS POEM,**  
(THE VISION OF DON RODERICK,)

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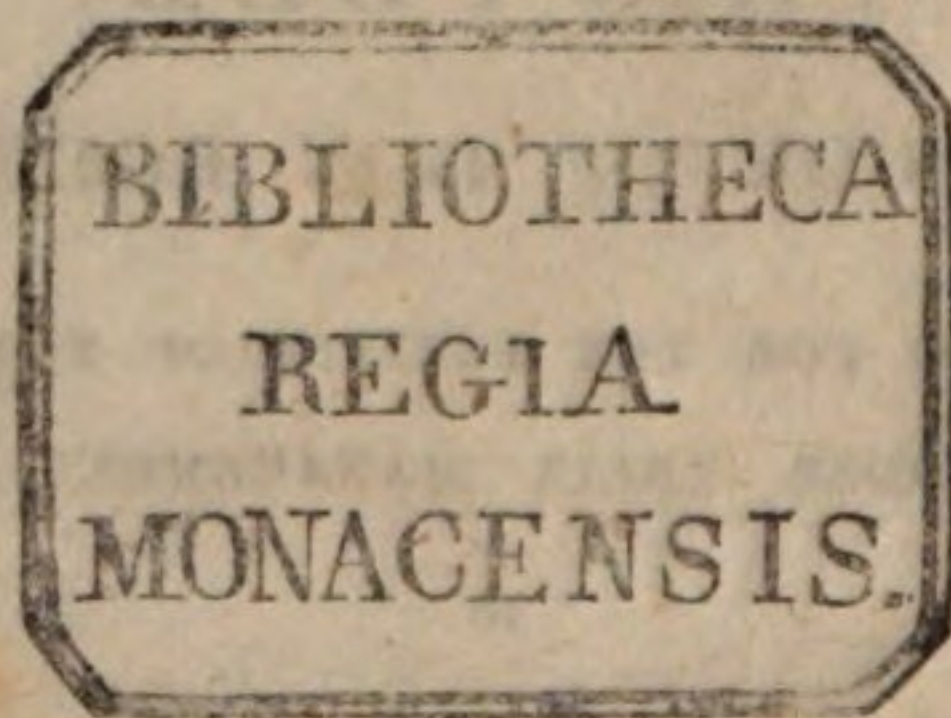
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RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

**WALTER SCOTT.**





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### THE VISION OF DON RODRICK.

The following Poem is founded upon a Spanish Tradition, particularly detailed in the Poem, but bearing, in general, the Don Rodrick, the last Gothic King of Spain, when the invasion of the Moors was impending, had the glory to descend into an ancient vault, near Toledo, the opening of which had been

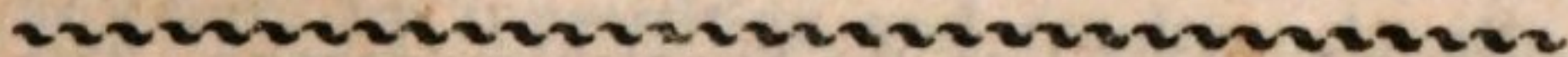


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# P R E F A C E

T O

## THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.

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THE following Poem is founded upon a Spanish Tradition, particularly detailed in the Notes; but bearing, in general, that Don Roderick, the last Gothic King of Spain, when the Invasion of the Moors was impending, had the temerity to descend into an ancient vault, near Toledo, the opening of which had been de-



nounced as fatal to the Spanish monarchy. The legend adds, that his rash curiosity was mortified by an emblematical representation of those Saracens, who, in the year 714, defeated him in battle, and reduced Spain under their dominion. I have presumed to prolong the Vision of the Revolutions of Spain down to the present eventful crisis of the Peninsula; and to divide it, by a supposed change of scene, into THREE PERIODS. The FIRST of these represents the Invasion of the Moors, the Defeat and Death of Roderick, and closes with the peaceful occupation of the country by the Victors. The SECOND PERIOD embraces the state of the Peninsula, when the conquests of the Spaniards and Portugeze in the East and West Indies had raised to the highest pitch the renown of their arms; sullied,



however, by superstition and cruelty. An allusion to the inhumanities of the Inquisition terminates this picture. The LAST PART of the Poem opens with the state of Spain previous to the unparalleled treachery of BUONAPARTE; gives a sketch of the usurpation attempted upon that unsuspecting and friendly kingdom, and terminates with the arrival of the British succours. It may be farther proper to mention, that the object of the Poem is less to commemorate or detail particular incidents, than to exhibit a general and impressive picture of the several periods brought upon the stage.

I am too sensible of the respect due to the Public, especially by one who has already experienced more than ordinary indulgence, to



offer any apology for the inferiority of the poetry to the subject it is chiefly designed to commemorate. Yet I think it proper to mention, that while I was hastily executing a work, written for a temporary purpose, and on passing events, the task was most cruelly interrupted by the successive deaths of Lord President BLAIR, and Lord Viscount MELVILLE. In those distinguished characters, I had not only to regret persons whose lives were most important to Scotland, but also whose notice and patronage honoured my entrance upon active life; and I may add, with melancholy pride, who permitted my more advanced age to claim no common share in their friendship. Under such interruptions, the following verses, which my best and happiest efforts must have left far unworthy



of their theme, have, I am myself sensible, an appearance of negligence and incoherence, which, in other circumstances, I might have been able to remove.

EDINBURGH, June 24, 1811.



of the Holy Synod, I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 15th inst. in relation to the proposed amendment of the constitution of the Synod, and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration. I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,  
J. B. Smith, Secretary.



THE  
VISION OF DON RODERICK.

---

*Quid dignum memorare tuis, Hispania, terris;  
Vox humana valet! ————— CLAUDIAN.*



THE

# VISION OF DON RODRICK

OF THE  
FUTURE OF THE  
HUMAN RACE



## INTRODUCTION.

### I.

LIVES there a strain, whose sounds of mounting  
fire

May rise distinguish'd o'er the din of war,  
Or died it with yon Master of the Lyre,

Who sung beleaguer'd Ilion's evil star?

Such, WELLINGTON, might reach thee from  
afar,

Wafting its descant wide o'er Ocean's range;  
Nor shouts, nor clashing arms, its mood  
could mar,

All as it swell'd 'twixt each loud trumpet-  
change,

That clangs to Britain victory, to Portugal re-  
venge!



## II.

Yes! such a strain, with all o'er-powering  
measure,

Might melodize with each tumultuous sound,  
Each voice of fear or triumph, woe or pleasure,  
That rings Mondego's ravaged shores around;  
The thund'ring cry of hosts with conquest  
crown'd,

The female shriek, the ruin'd peasant's moan,  
The shout of captives from their chains un-  
bound,

The foil'd oppressor's deep and sullen groan,  
A Nation's choral hymn for tyranny o'erthrown.

## III.

But we, weak minstrels of a laggard day,  
Skill'd but to imitate an elder page,

Timid and raptureless, can we repay

The debt thou claim'st in this exhausted age?  
Thou givest our lyres a theme, that might en-  
gage

Those that could send thy name o'er sea  
and land,

While sea and land shall last; for Homer's rage

A theme; a theme for Milton's mighty hand—

How much unmeet for us, a faint degenerate  
band!



## IV.

Ye mountains stern! within whose rugged  
breast  
The friends of Scottish freedom found repose;  
Ye torrents! whose hoarse sounds have soothed  
their rest,  
Returning from the field of vanquish'd foes;  
Say, have ye lost each wild majestic close,  
That erst the choir of bards or druids flung;  
What time their hymn of victory arose,  
And Cattrath's glens with voice of triumph  
rung,  
And mystic Merlin harp'd, and grey-hair'd  
Llywarch sung.

## V.

O! if your wilds such minstrelsy retain,  
As sure your changeful gales seem oft to say,  
When sweeping wild and sinking soft again,  
Like trumpet-jubilee, or harp's wild sway;  
If ye can echo such triumphant lay,  
Then lend the note to him has loved you  
long!  
Who pious gather'd each tradition grey,  
That floats your solitary wastes along,  
And with affection vain gave them new voice  
in song.



## VI.

For not till now, how oft soe'er the task  
Of truant verse hath lighten'd graver care,  
From muse or sylvan was he wont to ask,  
In phrase poetic, inspiration fair;  
Careless he gave his numbers to the air, —  
They came unsought for, if applauses came;  
Nor for himself prefers he now the prayer;  
Let but his verse besit a hero's fame,  
Immortal be the verse! — forgot the poet's  
name.

## VII.

Hark, from yon misty cairn their answer tost:  
"Minstrel! the fame of whose romantic lyre,  
Capricious swelling now, may soon be lost,  
Like the light flickering of a cottage fire;  
If to such task presumptuous thou aspire,  
Seek not from us the meed to warrior due:  
Age after age has gather'd son to sire,  
Since our grey cliffs the din of conflict knew,  
Or, pealing through our vales, victorious bugles  
blew.

## VIII.

"Decayed our old traditional lore,  
Save where the lingering fays renew their ring



By milk-maid seen beneath the hawthorn hoar,  
Or round the marge of Minchmore's haunted  
spring;  
Save where their legends grey-hair'd shepherds  
sing,  
That now scarce win a listening ear but  
thine,  
Of feuds obscure, and border ravaging,  
And rugged deeds recount in rugged line,  
Of moonlight foray made on Teviot, Tweed,  
or Tyne.

## IX.

«No! search romantic lands, where the near Sun  
Gives with unstinted boon ethereal flame,  
Where the rude villager, his labour done,  
In verse spontaneous chaunts some favour'd  
name;  
Whether Olalia's charms his tribute claim,  
Her eye of diamond, and her locks of jet;  
Or whether, kindling at the deeds of Græme,  
He sing, to wild Morisco measure set,  
Old Albin's red claymore, green Erin's bayonet!

## X.

«Explore those regions, where the flinty crest  
Of wild Nevada ever gleams with snows,



Where in the proud Alhambra's ruin'd breast  
Barbaric monuments of pomp repose;  
Or where the banners of more ruthless foes  
Than the fierce Moor, float o'er Toledo's  
fane,  
From whose tall towers even now the patriot  
throws  
An anxious glance, to spy upon the plain  
The blended ranks of England, Portugal, and  
Spain.

## XI.

«There, of Numantian fire a swarthy spark  
Still lightens in the sun-burnt native's eye;  
The stately port, slow step, and visage dark,  
Still mark enduring pride and constancy.  
And, if the glow of feudal chivalry  
Beam not, as once, thy nobles' dearest pride,  
Iberia! oft thy crestless peasantry  
Have seen the plumed Hidalgo quit their side  
Have seen, yet dauntless stood — 'gainst for-  
tune fought and died.

## XII.

«And cherish'd still by that unchanging race,  
Are themes for minstrelsy more high than  
thine;



Of strange tradition many a mystic trace,  
Legend and vision, prophecy and sign;  
Where wonders wild of Arabesque combine  
With Gothic imagery of darker shade,  
Forming a model meet for minstrel line.  
Go, seek such theme!" — The Mountain

Spirit said:

With filial awe I heard — I heard, and I obey'd.





THE  
VISION OF DON RODERICK.

---

I.

REARING their crests amid the cloudless skies,  
And darkly clustering in the pale moonlight,  
Toledo's holy towers and spires arise,  
As from a trembling lake of silver white.  
Their mingled shadows intercept the sight  
Of the broad burial-ground outstretch'd below,  
And nought disturbs the silence of the night;  
All sleeps in sullen shade, or silver glow,  
All save the heavy swell of Teio's ceaseless flow.

II.

All save the rushing swell of Teio's tide,  
Or, distant heard, a courser's neigh or tramp;



Their changing rounds as watchful horsemen  
ride,

To guard the limits of King Roderick's camp.  
For, through the river's night-fog rolling damp,  
Was many a proud pavilion dimly seen,  
Which glimmer'd back, against the moon's  
fair lamp,

Tissues of silk and silver twisted sheen,  
And standards proudly pitch'd, and warders  
arm'd between.

### III.

But of their Monarch's person keeping ward,  
Since last the deep-mouth'd bell of vespers  
toll'd,

The chosen soldiers of the royal guard  
Their post beneath the proud Cathedral hold:  
A band unlike their Gothic sires of old,

Who, for the cap of steel and iron mace,  
Bear slender darts, and casques bedeck'd with  
gold,

While silver-studded belts their shoulders  
grace,  
Where ivory quivers ring in the broad falchion's  
place.



## IV.

In the light language of an idle court,  
They murmur'd at their master's long delay,  
And held his lengthen'd orisons in sport: —  
“What! will Don Roderick here till morn-  
ing stay,  
To wear in shrift and prayer the night away?  
And are his hours in such dull penance  
past,  
For fair Florinda's plunder'd charms to pay?” —  
Then to the east their weary eyes they  
cast,  
And wish'd the lingering dawn would glimmer  
forth at last.

## V.

But, far within, Toledo's prelate lent  
An ear of fearful wonder to the King;  
The silver lamp a fitful lustre sent,  
So long that sad confession witnessing:  
For Roderick told of many a hidden thing,  
Such as are lothly utter'd to the air,  
When Fear, Remorse, and Shame, the bo-  
som wring,  
And Guilt his secret burthen cannot bear,  
And Conscience seeks in speech a respite from  
Despair.



## VI.

Full on the Prelate's face, and silver hair,  
The stream of failing light was feebly roll'd;  
But Roderick's visage, though his head was  
bare,  
Was shadow'd by his hand and mantle's  
fold.

While of his hidden soul the sins he told,  
Proud Alaric's descendant could not brook,  
That mortal man his bearing should behold,  
Or boast that he had seen, when conscience  
shook,  
Fear tame a monarch's brow, Remorse a war-  
rior's look.

## VII.

The old man's faded cheek wax'd yet more pale,  
As many a secret sad the king bewray'd;  
And sign and glance eked out the unfinish'd  
tale,  
When in the midst his faltering whisper  
staid. —

“Thus royal Witiza \*) was slain,” — he said;

---

\*) The predecessor of Roderick upon the Spanish throne,  
and slain by his connivance, as is affirmed by Ro-  
driguez of Toledo, the father of Spanish history.



“Yet, holy father, deem not it was I.” —  
Thus still Ambition strives her crimes to  
shades —

“Oh rather deem ’twas stern necessity!  
Self-preservation bade, and I must kill or die.

## VIII.

“And if Florinda’s shrieks alarm’d the air,  
If she invoked her absent sire in vain,  
And on her knees implored that I would spare,  
Yet, reverend priest, thy sentence rash  
refrain! —

All is not as it seems — the female train  
Know by their bearing to disguise their  
mood:” —

But Conscience here, as if in high disdain,  
Sent to the Monarch’s cheek the burning  
blood —

He stay’d his speech abrupt — and up the Prelate  
stood.

## IX.

“O harden’d offspring of an iron race!  
What of thy crimes, Don Roderick, shall  
I say?  
What alms, or prayers, or penance can efface  
Murder’s dark spot, wash treason’s stain away!



For the foul ravisher how shall I pray,  
Who, scarce repentant, makes his crime  
his boast?  
How hope Almighty vengeance shall delay,  
Unless, in mercy to yon Christian host,  
He spare the shepherd, lest the guiltless sheep  
be lost." —

## X.

Then kindled the dark Tyrant in his mood,  
And to his brow return'd its dauntless gloom;  
"And welcome then," he cried, "be blood  
for blood,  
For treason treachery, for dishonour doom!  
Yet will I know whence come they, or by  
whom.  
Shew, for thou canst give forth the fated  
key,  
And guide me, Priest, to that mysterious room,  
Where, if aught true in old tradition be,  
His nation's future fates a Spanish King shall  
see." —

## XI.

"I'll-fated prince! recall the desperate word,  
Or pause ere yet the omen thou obey!  
Bethink, yon spell-bound portal would afford



Never to former Monarch entrance-way;  
 Nor shall it ever ope, old records say,  
 Save to a king, the last of all his line,  
 What time his empire totters to decay,  
 And treason digs, beneath, her fatal mine,  
 And, high above, impends avenging wrath di-  
 vine." —

## XII.

— "Prelate! a Monarch's fate brooks no delay;  
 Lead on!" — The ponderous key the old  
 man took,  
 And held the winking lamp, and led the way,  
 By winding stair, dark aisle, and secret nook,  
 Then on an ancient gate-way bent his look;  
 And, as the key the desperate King essay'd,  
 Low mutter'd thunders the Cathedral shook,  
 And twice he stopp'd, and twice new effort  
 made,  
 Till the huge bolts roll'd back, and the loud  
 hinges bray'd.

## XIII.

Long, large, and lofty, was that vaulted hall;  
 Roof, walls, and floor, were all of marble  
 stone,  
 Of polish'd marble, black as funeral pall,



Carved o'er with signs and characters unknown.

A paly light, as of the dawning, shone  
Through the sad bounds, but whence they  
could not spy;

For window to the upper air was none;

Yet, by that light, Don Roderick could  
descry

Wonders that ne'er till then were seen by mortal eye.

#### XIV.

Grim centinels, against the upper wall,

Of molten bronze, two Statues held their  
place;

Massive their naked limbs, their stature tall,

Their frowning foreheads golden circles  
grace.

Moulded they seem'd for kings of giant race,

That lived and sinn'd before the avenging  
flood;

This grasp'd a scythe, that rested on a mace;

This spread his wings for flight, that pondering stood,

Each stubborn seem'd and stern, immutable of  
mood.



## XV.

Fix'd was the right-hand Giant's brazen look  
Upon his brother's glass of shifting sand,  
As if its ebb he measured by a book,

Whose iron volume loaded his huge hand;  
In which was wrote of many a falling land,  
Of empires lost, and kings to exile driven;  
And o'er that pair their names in scroll ex-  
pand —

Lo, DESTINY and TIME! to whom by Heaven  
The guidance of the earth is for a season given."—

## XVI.

Even while they read, the sand-glass wastes  
away;

And, as the last and lagging grains did  
creep,

That right-hand Giant 'gan his club upsway,

As one that startles from a heavy sleep.

Full on the upper wall the mace's sweep

At once descended with the force of  
thunder,

And hurtling down at once, in crumbled heap,

The marble boundary was rent asunder,

And gave to Roderick's view new sights of fear  
and wonder.



## XVII.

For they might spy, beyond that mighty breach,  
Realms as of Spain in vision'd prospect laid,  
Castles and towers, in due proportion each,  
As by some skilful artist's hand pourtray'd:  
Here, cross'd by many a wild Sierra's shade,  
And boundless plains that tire the traveller's  
eye;  
There, rich with vineyard and with olive  
glade,  
Or deep-embrown'd by forests huge and  
high,  
Or wash'd by mighty streams, that slowly mur-  
mur'd by.

## XVIII.

And here, as erst upon the antique stage  
Pass'd forth the bands of masquers trimly  
led,  
In various forms, and various equipage,  
While fitting strains the hearer's fancy fed;  
So, to sad Roderick's eye in order spread,  
Successive pageants fill'd that mystic scene,  
Shewing the fate of battles ere they bled,  
And issue of events that had not been;  
And ever and anon strange sounds were heard  
between.



## XIX.

First shrill'd an unrepeat'd female shriek! —  
It seem'd as if Don Roderick knew the call,  
For the bold blood was blanching in his  
cheek. —

Then answer'd kettle-drum and atabal,  
Gong-peal and cymbal-clank the ear appal,  
The Tecbir war-cry, and the Lelies yell,  
Ring wildly dissonant along the hall.

Needs not to Roderick their dread import  
tell —

“The Moor!” he cried, “the Moor! — ring out  
the Tocsin bell!”

## XX.

“They come! they come! I see the groaning  
lands

White with the turbans of each Arab horde,  
Swart Zaarah joins her misbelieving bands,  
Alla and Mahomet their battle-word,

The choice they yield the Koran or the sword. —

See how the Christians rush to arms amain! —

In yonder shout the voice of conflict roar'd

The shadowy hosts are closing on the plain —

Now, God and Saint Iago strike, for the good  
cause of Spain!”



## XXI.

“By heav’n, the Moors prevail! the Christians  
yield! —

Their coward leader gives for flight the sign!  
The scepter’d craven mounts to quit the field —

Is not yon steed Orelia? — Yes, ’tis mine!  
But never was she turn’d from battle-line:

Lo! where the recreant spurs o’er stock  
and stone! —

Curses pursue the slave and wrath divine!

Rivers ingulph him!” — “Hush,” in shud-  
dering tone,

The Prelate said; “rash Prince, yon vision’d  
form’s thine own.” —

## XXII.

Just then, a torrent cross’d the flier’s course;  
The dangerous ford the Kingly Likeness tried;  
But the deep eddies whelm’d both man and  
horse,

Swept like benighted peasant down the tide;  
And the proud Moslemah spread far and wide,

As numerous as their native locust band;  
Berber and Ismael’s sons the spoil divide,

With naked scimitars mete out the land,  
And for their bondsmen base the freeborn na-  
tives brand.



## XXIII.

Then rose the grated Harem, to inclose  
 The loveliest maidens of the Christian line;  
 Then, menials, to their misbelieving foes,  
 Castile's young nobles held forbidden wine;  
 Then, too, the holy Cross, salvation's sign,  
 By impious hands was from the altar thrown,  
 And the deep aisles of the polluted shrine  
 Echoed, for holy hymn and organ-tone,  
 The Santon's frantic dance, the Fakir's gibbering  
 moan.

## XXIV.

How fares Don Roderick? — E'en as one who  
 spies  
 Flames dart their glare o'er midnight's sable  
 woof,  
 And hears around his children's piercing cries,  
 And sees the pale assistants stand aloof;  
 While cruel Conscience brings him bitter proof,  
 His folly, or his crime, have caused his  
 grief;  
 And, while above him nods the crumbling roof,  
 He curses earth and Heaven — himself in  
 chief —  
 Desperate of earthly aid, despairing Heaven's  
 relief!



## XXV.

That scythe-arm'd Giant turned his fatal glass,  
And twilight on the landscape closed her  
wings;  
Far to Asturian hills the war-sounds pass,  
And in their stead rebeck or timbrel rings;  
And to the sound the bell-deck'd dancer springs,  
Bazars resound as when their marts are met,  
In tourney light the Moor his jerrid flings,  
And on the land, as evening seem'd to set,  
The Imaum's chaunt was heard from mosque  
or minaret.

## XXVI.

So pass'd that pageant. Ere another came,  
The visionary scene was wrapp'd in smoke,  
Whose sulph'rous wreaths were cross'd by  
sheets of flame;  
With every flash a bolt explosive broke,  
Till Roderick deem'd the fiends had burst  
their yoke,  
And waved 'gainst heaven the infernal gon-  
falone!  
For War a new and dreadful language spoke,  
Never by ancient warrior heard or known;  
Light'ning and smoke her breath, and thunder  
was her tone.



## XXVII.

From the dim landscape roll the clouds away —  
 The Christians have regain'd their heritage;  
 Before the Cross has waned the Crescent's ray,  
 And many a monastery decks the stage,  
 And lofty church, and low-brow'd hermitage.  
 The land obeys a Hermit and a Knight, —  
 The Genii these of Spain for many a age;  
 This clad in sackloth, that in armour bright,  
 And that was VALOUR named, this BIGOTRY was  
 hight.

## XXVIII.

VALOUR was harness'd like a Chief of old,  
 Arm'd at all points, and prompt for knightly  
 gest;  
 His sword was temper'd in the Ebro cold,  
 Morena's eagle-plume adorned his crest,  
 The spoils of Afric's lion bound his breast.  
 Fierce he stepp'd forward and flung down his  
 gage,  
 As if of mortal kind to brave the best.  
 Him follow'd his Companion, dark and  
 sage,  
 As he, my Master, sung the dangerous Archi-  
 mage.



## XXIX.

Haughty of heart and brow the Warrior came,  
In look and language proud as proud might  
be,  
Vaunting his lordship, lineage, fights and fame,  
Yet was that bare-foot monk more proud  
than he;  
And as the ivy climbs the tallest tree,  
So round the loftiest soul his toils he wound,  
And with his spells subdued the fierce and free,  
Till ermined Age, and Youth in arms re-  
nowned,  
Honouring his scourge and hair-cloth, meekly  
kiss'd the ground,

## XXX.

And thus it chanced that VALOUR, peerless  
knight,  
Who ne'er to King or Kaiser veil'd his crest,  
Victorious still in bull-feast or in fight,  
Since first his limbs with mail he did invest,  
Stoop'd ever to that Anchoret's behest;  
Nor reason'd of the right, nor of the wrong,  
But at his bidding laid the lance in rest,  
And wrought fell deeds the troubled world  
along,  
For he was fierce as brave, and pitiless as strong.



## XXXI.

Oft his proud gallies sought some new-found  
world,

That latest sees the sun, or first the morn;  
Still at that Wizard's feet their spoils he  
hurl'd, —

Ingots of ore from rich Potosi borne,  
Crowns by Caciques, aigrettes by Omrahs  
worn,

Wrought of rare gems, but broken, rent,  
and foul;

Idols of gold from heathen temples torn,  
Bedabbled all with blood. — With grisly  
scowl

The Hermit mark'd the stains, and smiled be-  
neath his cowl.

## XXXII.

Then did he bless the offering, and bade make

Tribute to heaven of gratitude and praise;

And at his word the choral hymns awake,

And many a hand the silver censers sways.

But with the incense breath these censers  
raise,

Mix steams from corpses smouldering in  
the fire;

The groans of prison'd victims mar the lays,



And shrieks of agony confound the quire,  
While, 'mid the mingled sounds, the darkened  
scenes expire.

## XXXIII.

Preluding light, were strains of music heard,  
As once again revolved that measured sand;  
Such sounds as when, for sylvan dance pre-  
pared,  
Gay Xeres summons forth her vintage band;  
When for the light Bolero ready stand  
The Mozo blithe, with gay Muchacha met,  
He conscious of his broider'd cap and band,  
She of her netted locks and light corsette,  
Each tiptoe perch'd to spring, and shake the  
castanet.

## XXXIV.

And well such strains the opening scene be-  
came;  
For VALOUR had relax'd his ardent look,  
And at a lady's feet, like lion tame,  
Lay stretch'd, full loth the weight of arms  
to brook;  
And softened BIGOTRY, upon his book,  
Patter'd a task of little good or ill:  
But the blithe peasant plied his pruning hook,



Whistled the muleteer o'er vale and hill,  
And rung from village-green the merry Segui-  
dille.

## XXXV.

Grey Royalty, grown impotent of toil,  
Let the grave sceptre slip his lazy hold,  
And careless saw his rule become the spoil  
Of a loose Female and her Minion bold.  
But peace was on the cottage and the fold,  
From court intrigue, from bickering faction  
far;

Beneath the chesnut tree Love's tale was told,  
And to the tinkling of the light guitar,  
Sweet stoop'd the western sun, sweet rose the  
evening star.

## XXXVI.

As that sea-cloud, in size like human hand  
When first from Carmel by the Tishbite seen,  
Came slowly over-shadowing Israel's land,  
Awhile, perchance, bedeck'd with colours  
sheen,

While yet the sunbeams on its skirts had been,  
Limning with purple and with gold its  
shroud,

Till darker folds obscured the blue serene,



And blotted heaven with one broad sable  
cloud —  
Then sheeted rain burst down, and whirlwinds  
howl'd aloud; —

## XXXVII.

Even so upon that peaceful scene was pour'd,  
Like gathering clouds, full many a foreign  
hand,  
And He, their Leader, wore in sheath his  
sword,  
And offer'd peaceful front and open hand;  
Veiling the perjured treachery he plann'd,  
By friendship's zeal and honour's specious  
guise,  
Until he won the passes of the land;  
Then, burst were honour's oath, and friend-  
ship's ties!  
He clutch'd his vulture-grasp, and call'd fair  
Spain his prize.

## XXXVIII.

An Iron Crown his anxious forehead bore;  
And well such diadem his heart became,  
Who, ne'er his purpose for remorse gave o'er,  
Or check'd his course for piety or shame;  
Who, train'd a soldier, deem'd a soldier's fame



Might flourish in the wreath of battles won,  
Though neither truth nor honour deck'd his  
name;  
Who, placed by fortune on a Monarch's  
throne,  
Reck'd not of Monarch's faith, or Mercy's kingly  
tone.

## XXXIX.

From a rude isle his ruder lineage came:  
The spark, that, from a suburb hovel's  
hearth  
Ascending, wraps some capital in flame,  
Hath not a meaner or more sordid birth.  
And for the soul that bade him waste the  
earth —  
The sable land-flood from some swamp  
obscure,  
That poisons the glad husband-field with dearth,  
And by destruction bids its fame endure,  
Hath not a source more sullen, stagnant, and  
impure.

## XL.

Before that Leader strode a shadowy Form:  
Her limbs like mist, her torch like meteor  
shew'd,



With which she beckon'd him through fight  
and storm,  
And all he crush'd that cross'd his desperate  
road,  
Nor thought, nor fear'd, nor look'd on what  
he trode;  
Realms could not glut his pride, blood  
could not slake,  
So oft as e'er she shook her torch abroad —  
It was AMBITION bade her terrors wake,  
Nor deign'd she, as of yore, a milder form to  
take.

## XLI.

No longer now she spurn'd at mean revenge,  
Or staid her hand for conquer'd foeman's  
moan,  
As when, the fates of aged Rome to change,  
By Cæsar's side she cross'd the Rubicon  
Nor joy'd she to bestow the spoils she won,  
As when the banded powers of Greece were  
task'd  
To war beneath the Youth of Macedon:  
No seemly veil her modern minion ask'd,  
He saw her hideous face, and loved the fiend  
unmasqued.



## XLII.

That Prelate mark'd his march — On banners  
blazed

With battles won in many a distant land,  
On eagle-standards and on arms he gazed;

“And hop’st thou, then,” he said, “thy  
power shall stand?”

O thou hast builded on the shifting sand,  
And thou hast temper’d it with slaughter’s  
flood;

And know, fell scourge in the Almighty’s  
hand!

Gore-moisten’d trees shall perish in the bud,  
And, by a bloody death, shall die the Man of  
Blood!” —

## XLIII.

The ruthless Leader beckon’d from his train

A wan fraternal Shade, and bade him kneel,

And paled his temples with the crown of Spain,

While trumpets rang, and heralds cried,  
“Castile!”

Not that he loved him — No! — in no man’s  
weal,

Scarce in his own, e’r joy’d that sullen heart;

Yet round that throne he bade his warriors  
wheel,



That the poor puppet might perform his  
part,  
And be a sceptred slave, at his stern beck so  
start.

## XLIV.

But on the Natives of that Land misused,  
Not long the silence of amazement hung,  
Nor brook'd they long their friendly faith  
abused;

For, with a common shriek, the general  
tongue  
Exclaim'd, "To arms!" and fast to arms they  
sprung.

And VALOUR woke, that Genius of the Land!  
Pleasure, and ease, and sloth, aside he flung  
As burst th'awakening Nazarite his band,  
When 'gainst his treacherous foes he clench'd  
his dreadful hand.

## XLV.

That Mimic monarch now cast anxious eye  
Upon the Satraps that begirt him round,  
Now doffed his royal robe in act to fly,  
And from his brow the diadem unbound.  
So oft, so near, the Patriot bugle wound,



From Tarik's walls to Bilboa's mountains  
blown,  
These martial satellites hard labour found,  
To guard awhile his substituted throne —  
Light recking of his cause, but battling for their  
own.

## XLVI.

From Alpuhara's peak that bugle rung,  
And it was echo'd from Corunna's wall;  
Stately Seville responsive war-shout flung,  
Grenada caught it in her Moorish hall;  
Galicia bade her children fight or fall,  
Wild Biscay shook his mountain-coronet,  
Valencia roused her at the battle-call,  
And, foremost still where Valour's sons are  
met,  
Fast started to his gun each fiery Miquelet.

## XLVII.

But unappall'd, and burning for the fight,  
The Invaders march, of victory secure;  
Skilful their force to sever or unite,  
And train'd alike to vanquish or endure.  
Nor skilful less, cheap conquest to insure,  
Discord to breathe, and jealousy to sow,  
To quell by boasting, and by bribes to lure;



While nought against them bring the un-  
practised foe,  
Save hearts for freedom's cause, and hands for  
freedom's blow.

## XLVIII.

Proudly they march — but O! they march  
not forth,

By one hot field to crown a brief campaign,  
As when their eagles, sweeping through the  
North,

Destroy'd at every stoop an ancient reign!  
Far other fate had Heav'n decreed for Spain;

In vain the steel, in vain the torch was plied,  
New Patriot armies started from the slain,  
High blazed the war, and long, and far,  
and wide,  
And oft the God of Battles blest the righteous  
side.

## XLIX.

Nor unatoned, where Freedom's foes prevail,  
Remain'd their savage waste. With blade  
and brand,

By day the Invaders ravaged hill and dale,  
But, with the darkness, the Guerilla band  
Came like night's tempest, and avenged the land,



And claim'd for blood the retribution due,  
Probed the hard heart, and lopp'd the murd'-  
rous hand,  
And Dawn, when o'er the scene her beams  
she threw,  
Midst ruins they had made, the spoilers' corpses  
knew.

L.

What Minstrel verse may sing, or tongue  
may tell,

Amid the vision'd strife from sea to sea,  
How oft the Patriot banners rose or fell,  
Still honour'd in defeat as victory!  
For that sad pageant of events to be,  
Shew'd every form of fight by field and flood;  
Slaughter and Ruin, shouting forth their glee,  
Beheld, while riding on the tempest scud,  
The waters choaked with slain, the earth be-  
drench'd with blood!

LI.

Then Zaragoza — blighted be the tongue  
That names thy name without the honour  
due!

For never hath the harp of minstrel rung,  
Of faith so felly proved, so firmly true!



Mine, sap, and bomb, thy shatter'd ruins  
knew,  
Each art of war's extremity had room,  
Twice from thy half-sack'd streets the foe with  
drew,  
And when at length stern Fate decreed thy  
doom,  
They won not Zaragoza, but her children's  
bloody tomb.

## LII.

Yet raise thy head, sad City! Though in  
chains,  
Enthrall'd thou canst not be! Arise and  
claim  
Reverence from every heart where Freedom  
reigns,  
For what thou worshippest! — thy sainted  
Dame,  
She of the Column, honour'd be her name,  
By all, whate'er their creed, who honour  
love!  
And like the sacred reliques of the flame,  
That gave some martyr to the bless'd above,  
To every loyal heart may thy sad embers prove!



## LIII.

Nor thine alone such wreck. Gerona fair!

Faithful to death thy heroes should be sung,  
Manning the towers while o'er their heads the air

Swart as the smoke from raging furnace hung;  
Now thicker dark'ning where the mine was  
sprung,

Now briefly lighten'd by the cannon's flare,  
Now arch'd with fire sparks as the bomb was  
flung,

And redd'ning now with conflagration's glare,  
While by the fatal light the foes for storm  
prepare.

## LIV.

While all around was danger, strife, and fear,  
While the earth shook, and darken'd was  
the sky,

And wide Destruction stunn'd the listening ear,  
Appall'd the heart, and stupified the eye, —

Afar was heard that thrice-repeated cry,

In which old Albion's heart and tongue  
unite,

Whene'er her soul is up, and pulse beats  
high,

Whether it hail the wine-cup or the fight,  
And bid each arm be strong, or bid each heart  
be light.



## LV.

Don Roderick turn'd him as the shout grew  
loud —

A varied scene the changeful vision show'd,  
For, where the ocean mingled with the cloud,  
A gallant navy stemm'd the billows broad.  
From mast and stern St. George's symbol flow'd,  
Blent with the silver cross to Scotland dear;  
Mottling the sea their landward barges row'd,  
And flash'd the sun on bayonet, brand,  
and spear,  
And the wild beach return'd the seaman's jovial  
cheer.

## LVI.

It was a dread, yet spirit-stirring sight!  
The billows foam'd beneath a thousand oars,  
Fast as they land the red-cross ranks unite,  
Legions on legions bright'ning all the shores.  
Then banners rise, and cannon-signal roars,  
Then peals the warlike thunder of the drum,  
Thrills the loud fife, the trumpet-flourish  
pours,  
And patriot hopes awake, and doubts are  
dumb,  
For, bold in Freedom's cause, the bands of  
Ocean come!



LVII.

A various host they came — whose ranks  
display  
Each mode in which the warrior meets the  
fight,  
The deep battalion locks its firm array,  
And meditates his aim the marksman light;  
Far glance the light of sabres flashing bright,  
Where mounted squadrons shake the echo-  
ing mead,  
Lacks not artillery breathing flame and night,  
Nor the fleet ordnance whirl'd by rapid  
steed,  
That rival's lightning's flash in ruin and in speed.

LVIII.

A various host — from kindred realms they  
came,  
Brethren in arms, but rivals in renown —  
For you fair bands shall merry England claim,  
And with their deeds of valour deck her  
crown.  
Her's their bold port, and her's their martial  
frown,  
And her's their scorn of death in freedom's  
cause,  
Their eyes of azure, and their locks of brown,



And the blunt speech that bursts without  
a pause,  
And freeborn thoughts, which league the Sol-  
dier with the Laws.

## LIX.

And O! loved warriors of the Minstrel's land!  
Yonder your bonnets nod, your tartans wave!  
The rugged form may mark the mountain band,  
And harsher features, and a mien more  
grave;  
But ne'er in battle-field throbb'd heart so brave  
As that which beats beneath the Scottish plaid,  
And when the pibroch bids the battle rave,  
And level for the charge your arms are laid,  
Where lives the desperate foe that for such  
onset staid!

## LX.

Hark! from yon stately ranks what laughter rings,  
Mingling wild mirth with war's stern mins-  
trely,

His jest while each blithe comrade round him  
flings,

And moves to death with military glee:  
Boast, Erin, boast them! tameless, frank,  
and free,



In kindness warm, and fierce in danger  
 known,  
 Rough Nature's children, humorous as she:  
 And He, yon Chieftain — strike the proudest tone  
 Of thy bold harp, green Isle! — the Hero is  
 thine own.

## LXI.

Now on the scene Vimeira should be shown,  
 On Talavera's fight should Roderick gaze,  
 And hear Corunna wail her battle won,  
 And see Busaco's crest with light'ning blaze:—  
 But shall fond fable mix with heroes' praise?  
 Hath Fiction's stage for Truth's long triumphs  
 room?  
 And dare her wild flowers mingle with the bays,  
 That claim a long eternity to bloom  
 Around the warrior's crest, and o'er the warrior's  
 tomb!

## LXII.

Or may I give adventurous Fancy scope,  
 And stretch a bold hand to the awful veil  
 That hides futurity from anxious hope,  
 Bidding beyond it scenes of glory hail,  
 And painting Europe rousing at the tale



Of Spain's invaders from her confines hurl'd,  
While kindling nations buckle on their mail,  
And Fame, with clarion-blast and wings  
unfurl'd,  
To freedom and revenge awakes an injured World!

LXIII.

O vain, though anxious, is the glance I cast,  
Since Fate has mark'd futurity her own:  
Yet fate resigns to worth the glorious past,  
The deeds recorded, and the laurels won.  
Then, though the Vault of Destiny be gone,  
King, Prelate, all the phantasms of my  
brain,  
Melted away like mist-wreaths in the sun,  
Yet grant for faith, for valour, and for  
Spain,  
One note of pride and fire, a Patriot's parting  
strain!

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CONCLUSION.

I.

«Who shall command Estrella's mountain-tide
Back to the source, when tempest-chafed,
to hie?

Who, when Gascogne's vex'd gulph is raging
wide,

Shall hush it as a nurse her infant's cry?
His magic power let such vain boaster try,
And when the torrent shall his voice obey,
And Biscay's whirlwinds list his lullaby,
Let him stand forth and bar mine eagles'
way,

And they shall heed his voice, and at his bid-
ding stay.

II.

«Else ne'er to stoop, till high on Lisbon's to-
wers

They close their wings, the symbol of our
yoke,
And their own sea hath whelm'd yon red-
cross Powers!" —
Thus, on the summit of Alverca's rock,
To Marshal, Duke, and Peer, Gaul's Leader
spoke.
While downward on the land his legions
press,
Before them it was rich with vine and flock,
And smiled like Eden in her summer dress; —
Behind their wasteful march, a reeking wilder-
ness.

III.

And shall the boastful Chief maintain his word,
Though Heaven hath heard the wailings of
the land,
Though Lusitania whet her vengeful sword,
Though Britons arm, and WELLINGTON
command!
No! grim Busaco's iron ridge shall stand
An adamantine barrier to his force!
And from its base shall wheel his shatter'd band,
As from the unshaken rock the torrent
hoarse
Bears off its broken waves, and seeks a devious
course.

IV.

Yet not because Alcoba's mountain-hawk
Hath on his best and bravest made her food,
In numbers confident, yon Chief shall baulk
His Lord's imperial thirst for spoil and
blood:
For full in view the promised conquest stood,
And Lisbon's matrons, from their walls,
might sum
The myriads that had half the world subdued,
And hear the distant thunders of the drum,
That bids the bands of France to storm and
havoc come.

V.

Four moons have heard these thundersidly roll'd,
Have seen these wistful myriads eye their
prey,
As famish'd wolves survey a guarded fold —
But in the middle path, a Lion lay!
At length they move — but not to battle-fray,
Nor blaze yon fires where meets the manly
fight;
Beacons of infamy they light the way,
Where cowardice and cruelty unite,
To damn with double shame their ignominious
flight!

VI.

O triumph for the Fiends of Lust and Wrath!
Ne'er to be told, yet ne'er to be forgot,
What wanton horrors mark'd their wrackful
path!

The peasant butcher'd in his ruin'd cot,
The hoary priest even at the altar shot,
Childhood and age given o'er to sword and
flame,
Woman to infamy; — no crime forgot,
By which inventive dæmons might proclaim
Immortal hate to Man, and scorn of God's great
name!

VII.

The rudest centinel, in Britain born,
With horror paused to view the havoc done,
Gave his poor crust to feed some wretch forlorn,
Wiped his stern eye, then fiercer grasp'd
his gun,
Nor with less zeal shall Britain's peaceful son
Exult the debt of sympathy to pay;
Riches nor poverty the tax shall shun,
Nor prince nor peer, the wealthy nor the
gay,
Nor the poor peasant's mite, nor bard's more
worthless lay.

VIII.

But thou — unfoughten wilt thou yield to
Fate,
Minion of Fortune, now miscall'd in vain!
Can vantage-ground no confidence create,
Marcella's pass, nor Guarda's mountain-
chain?
Vain-glorious Fugitive! yet turn again!
Behold, where, named by some prophetic
Seer,
Flows Honour's Fountain *) as fore-doom'd
the stain
From thy dishonour'd name and arms to
clear —
Fallen Child of Fortune, turn, redeem her fa-
vour here!

IX.

Yet, ere thou turn'st, collect each distant aid;
Those chief that never heard the lion roar!
Within whose souls lives not a trace pourtray'd,
Of Talavera, or Mondego's shore!
Marshal each band thou hast, and summon
more;
Of war's fell stratagems exhaust the whole;

*) The literal translation of *Fuentes d'Honoro*.

Rank upon rank, squadron on squadron pour,
Legion on legion on thy foeman roll,
And weary out his arm — thou canst not quell
his soul.

X.

O vainly gleams with steel Agueda's shore,
Vainly thy squadrons hide Assuava's plain,
And front the flying thunders as they roar,
With frantic charge and tenfold odds, in
vain!

And what avails thee that, for CAMERON slain,
Wild from his plaided ranks the yell was
given —

Vengeance and grief gave mountain-rage the
rein,

And, at the bloody spear-point headlong
driven,

Thy Despot's giant guards fled like the rack of
heaven.

XI.

Go, baffled Boaster! teach thy haughty mood
To plead at thine imperious master's throne,
Say, thou hast left his legions in their blood,
Deceived his hopes, and frustrated thine own;

Say, that thine utmost skill and valour shown
 By British skill and valour were outvied;
 Last say, thy conqueror was WELLINGTON!
 And if he chafe, be his own fortune tried —
 God and our cause to friend, the venture we'll
 abide.

XII.

But ye, the heroes of that well-fought day,
 How shall a bard, unknowing and unknown,
 His meed to each victorious leader pay,
 Or bind on every brow the laurels won?
 Yet fain my harp would wake its boldest tone,
 O'er the wide sea to hail CADOGAN brave;
 And he, perchance, the minstrel note might
 own,
 Mindful of meeting brief that Fortune gave
 Mid yon far western isles that hear the Atlantic
 rave.

XIII.

Yes! hard the task, when Britons wield the
 sword,
 To give each Chief and every field its fame:
 Hark! Albuera thunders BERESFORD,
 And red Barosa shouts for dauntless GRÆME!
 O for a verse of tumult and of flame,

Bold as the bursting of their cannon sound,
 To bid the world re-echo to their fame!
 For never, upon gory battle-ground,
 With conquest's well-bought wreath were braver
 victors crown'd!

XIV.

O who shall grudge him Albuera's bays,
 Who brought a race regenerate to the field,
 Roused them to emulate their fathers' praise,
 Temper'd their headlong rage, their courage
 steel'd,
 And raised fair Lusitania's fallen shield,
 And gave new edge to Lusitania's sword,
 And taught her sons forgotten arms to wield —
 Shiver'd my harp, and burst its every chord,
 If it forget thy worth, victorious BERESFORD!

XV.

Not on that bloody field of battle won,
 Though Gaul's proud legions roll'd like mist
 away,
 Was half his self-devoted valour shown, —
 He gaged but life on that illustrious day;
 But when he toil'd those squadrons to array,
 Who fought like Britons in the bloody game,
 Sharper than Polish pike or assagay,

He braved the shafts of censure and of shame,
And, dearer far than life, he pledged a soldier's
fame.

XVI.

Nor be his praise o'erpast who strove to hide
Beneath the warrior's vest affection's wound,
Whose wish Heaven for his country's weal
denied;

Danger and fate he sought, but glory found.
From clime to clime, where'er war's trumpets
sound,

The wanderer went; yet, Caledonia! still
Thine was his thought in march and tented
ground;

He dream'd mid Alpine cliffs of Athole's hill,
And heard in Ebro's roar his Lyndoch's lovely
rill.

XVII.

O hero of a race renown'd of old,
Whose war-cry oft has waked the battle-
swell,
Since first distinguish'd in the onset bold,
Wild sounding when the Roman rampart fell!
By Wallace' side it rung the Southron's knell,
Alderne, Kilsythe, and Tibber own'd its fame,

Tummell's rude pass can of its terrors tell,
But ne'er from prouder field arose the name,
Than when wild Ronda learn'd the conquering
shout of GRÆME!

XVII.

But all too long, through seas unknown and
dark,
(With Spenser's parable I close my tale)
By shoal and rock hath steer'd my venturous
bark,
And landward now I drive before the gale.
And now the blue and distant shore I hail,
And nearer now I see the port expand,
And now I gladly furl my weary sail,
And, as the prow light touches on the strand,
I strike my red-cross flag, and bind my skiff to
land.

THE END.



Then when with Honda leaped the conquering
 host of Canni!

And in the long, through seas unknown and
 far

(With Specter's partner I close my tale)
 The small and rock-hill started in confusion

And landward now I drive before the gate
 And now the blue and distant shore I hail

And nearer now I see the port expand
 And now I gladly feel my way all

And as the new light comes on the strand
 I feel my feet cross safe and hall my way to

LXX

And to the harbor gate I lead
 And on the harbor and the river stand

And then all in confusion
 The harbor and the river stand
 And then all in confusion
 The harbor and the river stand


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NOTES ON THE INTRODUCTION.

NOTES.

And Gollmeth's order with voice of triumph  
rang.

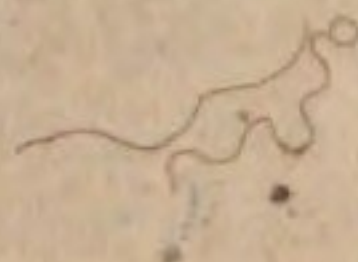
And Myrtle Merla halp'd, and grey hair'd  
Lilward sang.

St. IV. p. 10.

This locality may strike those who do not recollect, that much of the ancient poetry preserved in Wales, refers less to the history of the principality to which that name is now limited, than to events which happened in the North-west of England and South-west of Scotland, where the Britons for a long time made a stand against the Saxons. The battle of Gollmeth, mentioned by the celebrated Anonim, is supposed by the learned Dr. Leland to have been fought on the skirts of Humber forest. It is known by the name of Gollmeth, as it is explained by the paraphrase of Orey, beginning



NOTES





## NOTES ON THE INTRODUCTION.

### N o t e I.

*And Cattræth's vales with voice of triumph  
rung.*

*And mystic Merlin harp'd, and grey-hair'd  
Llywarch sung.*

St. IV. p. 19.

THIS locality may startle those readers who do not recollect, that much of the ancient poetry, preserved in Wales, refers less to the history of the principality to which that name is now limited, than to events which happened in the North-west of England and South-west of Scotland, where the Britons for a long time made a stand against the Saxons. The battle of Cattræth, lamented by the celebrated Aneurin, is supposed by the learned Dr. Leyden to have been fought on the skirts of Ettrick forest. It is known to the English reader by the paraphrase of Gray, beginning,



Had I but the torrent's might,

With headlong rage and wild affright, etc.

But it is not so generally known that the champions, mourned in this beautiful dirge, were the British inhabitants of Edinburgh, who were cut off by the Saxons of Deiria, or Northumberland, about the latter part of the sixth century. — TURNER'S *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, edition 1799, vol. i. p. 222. — Llywarch, the celebrated bard and monarch, was Prince of Argoed, in Cumberland; and his youthful exploits were performed upon the Border, although in his age he was driven into Powys by the successes of the Anglo Saxons. As for Merlin Wylt, or the Savage, his name of Caledonian, and his retreat into the Caledonian wood, appropriate him to Scotland. Fordun dedicates the thirty-first chapter of the third book of his *Scoto-Chronicon*, to a narration of the death of this celebrated bard and prophet near Drumelziar, a village upon Tweed, which is supposed to have derived its name, (*quasi Tumulus Merlini*,) from the event. The particular spot in which he is buried is still shewn, and appears, from the following quotation, to have partaken of his prophetic qualities: — «There is one thing remarkable here, which is, that the burn, called Pausayl, runs by the east side of this church-yard into the



Tweed; at the side of which burn, a little below the church-yard, the famous prophet Merlin is said to be buried. The particular place of his grave, at the root of a thorn tree, was shewn me many years ago, by the old and reverend minister of the place, Mr. Richard Brown; and here was the old prophecy fulfilled, delivered in Scots rhyme, to this purpose:

When Tweed and Pansayl meet at Merlin's grave,  
Scotland and England shall one Monarch have.

“For the same day that our King James the Sixth was crowned King of England, the river Tweed, by an extraordinary flood, so far overflowed its banks, that it met and joined with the Pausayl at the said grave, which was never before observed to fall out.” — PENNYCUICK'S *Description of Tweeddale*. Edin. 1715. 4. p. 26.

## NOTE II.

— where the lingering fays renew their ring,  
By milk-maid seen beneath the hawthorn-hoar,  
Or round the marge of Minchmore's haunted spring.

St. VIII. p. 6.

A belief in the existence and nocturnal revels of the fairies still lingers among the vulgar in



Selkirkshire. A copious fountain upon the ridge of Minchmore, called the Cheesewell, is supposed to be sacred to these fanciful spirits, and it was customary to propitiate them by throwing in something upon passing it. A pin was the usual oblation, and the ceremony is still sometimes practised, though rather in jest than earnest.

### NOTE III.

— *verse spontaneous.* — St. IX. p. 7.

The flexibility of the Italian and Spanish languages, and perhaps the liveliness of their genius, renders these countries distinguished for the talent of improvisation, which is found even among the lowest of the people. It is mentioned by Baretti and other travellers.

### NOTE IV.

— *The deeds of Græme.* — St. IX. p. 7.

Over a name sacred for ages to heroic verse, a poet may be allowed to exercise some power. I have used the freedom, here and elsewhere, to alter the orthography of the name of my gallant countryman, in order to apprise the Southern reader of its legitimate sound; — Grahame being, on the other side of the Tweed, usually pronounced as a dissyllable.

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## NOTES ON THE VISION.

### Note I.

*For fair Florinda's plunder'd charms to pay.*

St. IV. p. 12.

Almost all the Spanish historians, as well as the voice of tradition, ascribe the invasion of the Moors to the forcible violation committed by Roderick upon Florinda, called by the Moors Caba, or Cava. She was the daughter of Count Julian, one of the Gothic monarch's principal lieutenants, who, when the crime was perpetrated, was engaged in the defence of Ceuta against the Moors. In his indignation at the ingratitude of his sovereign, and the dishonour of his daughter, Count Julian forgot the duties of a Christian and a patriot, and, forming an alliance with Musa, then the caliph's lieutenant in Africa, he countenanced the invasion of Spain by a body of Saracens and Africans, commanded by the celebrated Tarik; the issue of which was the defeat and death of



Roderick, and the occupation of almost the whole peninsula by the Moors. Voltaire, in his General History, expresses his doubts of this popular story, and Gibbon gives him some countenance. But the universal tradition is quite sufficient for the purposes of poetry. - The Spaniards, in detestation of Florinda's memory, are said, by Cervantes, never to bestow that name upon any human female, reserving it for their dogs. Nor is the tradition less inveterate among the Moors, since the same author mentions a promontory on the coast of Barbary, called "The Cape of the Caba Rumia, which, in our tongue, is the Cape of the Wicked Christian Woman; and it is a tradition among the Moors, that Caba, the daughter of Count Julian, who was the cause of the loss of Spain, lies buried there, and they think it ominous to be forced into that bay; for they never go in otherwise than by necessity."

#### NOTE II.

*And guide me, Priest, to that mysterious room,  
Where, if aught true in old tradition be,  
His nation's future fate a Spanish King shall see.*

St. X. p. 15.

The transition of an incident from history to tradition, and from tradition to fable and re-



mance, becoming more marvellous at each step from its original simplicity, is not ill exemplified in the account of the «Fated Chamber» of Don Roderick, as given by his namesake, the historian of Toledo, contrasted with subsequent and more romantic accounts of the same subterranean discovery. I give the Archbishop of Toledo's tale in the words of Nonius, who seems to intimate, (though verry modestly,) that the *fatale palatium*, of which so much had been said, was only the ruins of a Roman amphitheatre.

«Extra muros, septentrionem versus, vestigia magni olim theatri sparsa visuntur. Auctor est Rodericus Toletanus Archiepiscopus ante Arabum in Hispanias irruptionem, hic *fatale palatium* fuisse; quod invicti vectes, æterna ferri robora claudebant, ne reseratum Hispaniæ excidium adferret; quod in fatis non vulgus solum, sed et prudentissimi quique credebant. Sed Roderici ultimi Gothorum Regis animum infelix curiositas subiit, sciendi quid sub tot vetitis claustris observaretur; ingentes ibi superiorum regum opes et arcanos thesauros servari ratus. Seras et pesulos perfringi curat, invitis omnibus, nihil præter arculam repertum, et in ca linteum, quo explicato novæ et insolentes hominum facies habitusque apparuere, cum inscriptione Latina *Hispaniæ excidium ab illa gente imminere*; Vultus



habitusque Maurorum erant. Quamobrem ex Africa tantam cladem instare regi cæterisque persuasum; nec falso ut Hispaniæ annales etiamnum queruntur." — *Hispania Ludovic. Nonj*, cap. lix.

But about the term of the expulsion of the Moors from Grenada, we find, in the "*Historia Verdadera del Rey Don Roderigo*," a (pretended) translation from the Arabic of the sage Alcayde Albucacim Tarif Abentarique, a legend which puts to shame the modesty of the historian Roderick, with his chest and prophetic picture. The custom of ascribing a pretended Moorish original to these legendary histories, is ridiculed by Cervantes, who affects to translate the history of the Knight of the Woeful Figure, from the Arabic of the sage Cid Hamet Benengeli. As I have been indebted to the *Historia Verdadera* for some of the imagery employed in the text, the following literal translation from the work itself may gratify the inquisitive reader: —

"One mile on the east side of the city of Toledo, among some rocks, was situated an ancient tower, of a magnificent structure, though much dilapidated by time, which consumes all: four estados, (*i. e.* four times a man's height,) below it, there was a cave with a very narrow entrance, and a gate cut out of the solid rock, lined with a strong covering of iron, and fastened with many locks; above the gate some Greek



letters are engraved, which, although abbreviated, and of doubtful meaning, were thus interpreted, according to the exposition of learned men: — , The king who opens this cave, and can discover the wonders, will discover both good and evil things.' — Many kings desired to know the mystery of this tower, and sought to find out the manner with much care: but when they opened the gate, such a tremendous noise arose in the cave, that it appeared as if the earth was bursting; many of those present sickened with fear, and others lost their lives. In order to prevent such great perils, (as they supposed a dangerous enchantment was contained within,) they secured the gate with new locks, concluding, that though a king was destined to open it, the fated time was not yet arrived. At last King Don Rodrigo, led on by his evil fortune and unlucky destiny, opened the tower; and some bold attendants whom he had brought with him entered, although agitated with fear. Having proceeded a good way, they fled back to the entrance, terrified with a frightful vision which they had beheld. The king was greatly moved, and ordered many torches, so contrived that the tempest in the cave could not extinguish them, to be lighted. Then the king entered, not without fear, before all the others. They discovered, by degrees, a splendid



hall, apparently built in a very sumptuous manner; in the middle stood a Bronze Statue of very ferocious appearance, which held a battle-axe in its hands. With this he struck the floor violently, giving it such heavy blows, that the noise in the cave was occasioned by the motion of the air. The king, greatly affrighted and astonished, began to conjure this terrible vision, promising that he would return without doing any injury in the cave, after he had obtained sight of what was contained in it. The statue ceased to strike the floor, and the king, with his followers, somewhat assured, and recovering their courage, proceeded into the hall; and on the left of the statue they found this inscription on the wall; , Unfortunate king, thou hast entered here in evil hour. ' On the right side of the wall these words were inscribed, , By strange nations thou shalt be dispossessed, and thy subjects foully degraded. ' On the shoulders of the statue other words were written, which said, , I call upon the Arabs. ' And upon his breast was written, , I do my office. ' At the entrance of the hall there was placed a round bowl, from which a great noise, like the fall of waters, proceeded. They found no other thing in the hall; and when the king, sorrowful and greatly affected, had scarcely turned about to leave the cavern, the statue again commenced its accustomed blows upon the floor.



After they had mutually promised to conceal what they had seen, they again closed the tower, and blocked up the gate of the cavern with earth, that no memory might remain in the world of such a portentous and evil-boding prodigy. The ensuing midnight they heard great cries and clamour from the cave, resounding like the noise of battle, and the ground shaking with a tremendous roar; the whole edifice of the old tower fell to the ground, by which they were greatly affrighted, the vision which they had beheld appearing to them as a dream.

“The king having left the tower, ordered wise men to explain what the inscriptions signified; and having consulted upon and studied their meaning, they declared that the statue of bronze, with the motion which it made with its battle-axe, signified Time; and that its office, alluded to in the inscription on his breast, was, that he never rests a single moment. The words on the shoulders, ‘I call upon the Arabs,’ they expounded, that in time Spain would be conquered by the Arabs. The words upon the left wall signified the destruction of King Rodrigo; those on the right, the dreadful calamities which were to fall upon the Spaniards and Goths, and that the unfortunate king would be dispossessed of all his states. Finally, the letters on the portal indicated, that good would betide to the conquerors, and



evil to the conquered, of which experience proved the truth." — *Historia Verdadeyra del Rey Don Rodrigo*. Quinta impression. Madrid, 1654. 4. p. 23.

### Note III.

—— *the Tecbir war-cry and the Lelies yell.*

St. XIX. p. 20.

The tecbir, (derived from the words *Alla acbar*, God is most mighty,) was the original war-cry of the Saracens. It is celebrated by Hughes in the Siege of Damascus:

We heard the Tecbir; so these Arabs call  
Their shout of onset, when with loud appeal  
They challenge Heaven, as if demanding conquest.

The *Lelie*, well known to the Christians during the crusades, is the shout of *Alla illa Alla*, the Mahomedan confession of faith. It is twice used in poetry by my friend Mr W. Stuart Rose, in the Romance of Partenopex, and in the Crusade of St Lewis.



## Note IV.

*By Heaven the Moors prevail! — the Christians  
yield! —*

*Their coward leader gives for flight the sign!  
The scepter'd craven mounts to quit the field —  
Is not yon steed Orelia? — Yes, 'tis mine!*

St. XXI. p. 21.

Count Julian, the father of the injured Florinda, with the connivance and assistance of Oppas, Archbishop of Toledo, invited, in 713, the Saracens into Spain. A considerable army arrived under the command of Tarik, or Tarif, who bequeathed the well-known name of Gibraltar (*Gibel al Tarik*, or the mountain of Tarik) to the place of his landing. He was joined by Count Julian, ravaged Andalusia, and took Seville. In 714 they returned with a still greater force, and Roderick marched into Andalusia at the head of a great army to give them battle. The field was chosen near Xeres, and Mariana gives the following account of the action:

“Both armies being drawn up, the king, according to the custom of the Gothic kings when they went to battle, appeared in an ivory chariot, clothed in cloth of gold, encouraging his men; Tarif, on the other side, did the same. The



armies, thus prepared, waited only for the signal to fall on; the Goths gave the charge, their drums and trumpets sounding, and the Moors received it with the noise of kettle-drums. Such were the shouts and cries on both sides, that the mountains and valleys seemed to meet. First they began with slings, darts, javelins, and lances, then came to the swords; a long time the battle was dubious; but the Moors seemed to have the worst, till D. Oppas, the Archbishop, having to that time concealed his treachery, in the heat of the fight, with a great body of his followers, went over to the infidels. He joined Count Julian, with whom was a great number of Goths, and both together fell upon the flank of our army. Our men, terrified with that unparalleled treachery, and tired with fighting, could no longer sustain that charge, but were easily put to flight. The king performed the part not only of a wise general but of a resolute soldier, relieving the weakest, bringing on fresh men in place of those that were tired, and stopping those that turned their backs. At length, seeing no hopes left, he alighted out of his chariot for fear of being taken, and mounting on a horse, called Orelia, he withdrew out of the battle. The Goths, who still stood, missing him, were most part put to the sword, the rest betook themselves to flight. The camp was immediately entered, and the



baggage taken. What number was killed is not known: I suppose they were so many it was hard to count them; for this single battle robbed Spain of all its glory, and in it perished the renowned name of the Gods. The king's horse, upper garment, and buskins, covered with pearls and precious stones, were found on the bank of the river Guadelite, and there being no news of him afterwards, it was supposed he was drowned passing the river." — MARIANA'S *History of Spain*, book vi. chap. 9.

Orelia, the courser of Don Roderick, mentioned in the text, and in the above quotation, was celebrated for her speed and form. She is mentioned repeatedly in Spanish romance, and also by Cervantes.

#### Note V.

*When for the light Bolero ready stand  
The Mozo blithe with gay Muchacha met.*

St. XXXIII. p. 27.

The Bolero is a very light and active dance, much practised by the Spaniards, in which castanets are always used. *Mozo* and *Muchacha* are equivalent to our phrase of lad and lass.



## Note VI.

*While trumpets rang, and heralds cried, « Castile. »*

St. XLIII. p. 32.

The heralds at the coronation of a Spanish monarch proclaim his name three times, and repeat three times the word *Castilla, Castilla, Castilla*; which, with all other ceremonies, was carefully copied in the mock inauguration of Joseph Buonaparte.

## Note VII.

*High blazed the war, and long, and far, and wide.*

St. XLVIII. p. 35.

Those who were disposed to believe that mere virtue and energy are able of themselves to work forth the salvation of an oppressed people, surprised in a moment of confidence, deprived of their officers, armies, and fortresses, who had every means of resistance to seek in the very moment when they were to be made use of, and whom the numerous treasons among the higher orders deprived of confidence in their natural leaders, — those who entertained this enthusiastic but delusive opinion may be pardoned for expressing their disappointment at the protracted



warfare in the peninsula. There are, however, another class of persons, who, having themselves the highest dread or veneration, or something allied to both, for the power of the modern Attila, will nevertheless give the heroical Spaniards little or no credit for the long, stubborn, and unsubdued resistance of three years to a power before whom their former well-prepared, well-armed, and numerous adversaries fell in the course of as many months. While these gentlemen plead for deference to Buonaparte, and crave

Respect for his great place — and bid the devil

Be duly honoured for his burning throne,

it may not be altogether unreasonable to claim some modification of censure upon those who have been long and to a great extent successfully resisting this great enemy of mankind. That the energy of Spain has not uniformly been directed by conduct equal to its vigour, has been too obvious; that her armies, under their complicated disadvantages, have shared the fate of such as were defeated after taking the field with every possible advantage of arms and discipline, is surely not to be wondered at. But that a nation, under the circumstances of repeated discomfiture, internal treason, and the mismanagement incident to a temporary and hastily adopted government,



should have wasted, by its stubborn, uniform, and prolonged resistance, myriads after myriads of those soldiers who had overrun the world — that some of its provinces should, like Galicia, after being abandoned by their allies, and overrun by their enemies, have recovered their freedom by their own unassisted exertions; that others, like Catalonia, undismayed by the treason which betrayed some fortresses, and the force which subdued others, should not only have continued their resistance, but have attained over their victorious enemy a superiority, which is even now enabling them to besiege and retake the places of strength which had been wrested from them, is a tale hitherto untold in the revolutionary war. To say that such a people cannot be subdued, would be presumption similar to that of those who protested that Spain could not defend herself for a year, or Portugal for a month; but that a resistance which has been continued for so long a space, when the usurper, except during the short-lived Austrian campaign, had no other enemies on the continent, should be now less successful, when repeated defeats have broken the reputation of the French armies, and when they are likely, (it would seem almost in desperation) to seek occupation elsewhere, is a prophecy as improbable as ungracious. And while we are in the humour of severely censuring our allies, gallant



and devoted as they have shewn themselves in the cause of national liberty, because they may not instantly adopt those measures which we in our wisdom may deem essential to success, it might be well, if we endeavoured first to resolve the previous questions, — 1st. Whether we do not at this moment know much less of the Spanish armies than of those of Portugal, which were so promptly condemned as totally inadequate to assist in the preservation of their country; 2d, Whether, independently of any right we have to offer more than advice and assistance to our independent allies, we can expect that they should renounce entirely the national pride, which is inseparable from patriotism, and at once condescend not only to be saved by our assistance, but to be saved in our own way? 3d, Whether, if it be an object, (as undoubtedly it is main a one,) that the Spanish troops should be trained under British discipline, to the flexibility of movement, and power of rapid concert and combination, which is essential to modern war; such a consummation is likely to be produced by abusing them in newspapers and periodical publications? Lastly, Since the undoubted authority of British officers makes us now acquainted with part of the horrors that attend invasion, and which the Providence of God, the valour of our navy, and perhaps the very efforts of these Spaniards, have



hitherto diverted from us, it may be modestly questioned whether we ought to be too forward to estimate and condemn the feeling of temporary stupefaction which they create; lest, in so doing, we should resemble the worthy clergyman, who, while he had himself never snuffed a candle with his fingers, was disposed severely to criticise the conduct of a martyr who winced a little among his flames.

#### NOTE VIII.

*They won not Zaragoza, but her children's bloody tomb. —*

St. LI. p. 37.

The interesting account of Mr Vaughan has made most readers acquainted with the first siege of Zaragoza. The last and fatal siege of that gallant and devoted city is detailed with great eloquence and precision in the "Edinburgh Annual Register" for 1809, — a work in which the affairs of Spain have been treated of with attention corresponding to their deep interest, and to the peculiar sources of information open to the historian. The following are a few brief extracts from this splendid historical narrative: —

"A breach was soon made in the mud walls, and then, as in the former siege, the war was



carried on in the streets and houses; but the French had been taught by experience, that in this species of warfare the Zaragozans derived a superiority from the feeling and principle which inspired them, and the cause for which they fought. The only means of conquering Zaragoza was to destroy it house by house, and street by street, and upon this system of destruction they proceeded. Three companies of miners and eight companies of sappers carried on this subterraneous war; the Spaniards, it is said, attempted to oppose them by countermines: these were operations to which they were wholly unused, and, according to the French statement, their miners were every day discovered and suffocated. Meantime the bombardment was incessantly kept up. 'Within the last 48 hours,' said Palafox, in a letter to his friend General Doyle, '6000 shells have been thrown in, two-thirds of the town are in ruins, but we shall perish under the ruins of the remaining third rather than surrender.' In the course of the siege above 17,000 bombs were thrown at the town; the stock of powder with which Zaragoza had been stored was exhausted; they had none at last but what they manufactured day by day; and no other cannon-balls than those which were shot into the town, and which they collected and fired back upon the enemy."—

In the midst of these horrors and privations,



the pestilence broke out in Zaragoza. To various causes, enumerated by the annalist, he adds, «scantiness of food, crowded quarters, unusual exertion of body, anxiety of mind, and the impossibility of recruiting their exhausted strength by needful rest in a city which was almost incessantly bombarded, and where every hour their sleep was broken by the tremendous explosion of mines. There was now no respite, either by day or night, for this devoted city; even the natural order of light and darkness was destroyed in Zaragoza; by day it was involved in a red sulphureous atmosphere of smoke, which hid the face of heaven; by night the fire of cannons and mortars, and the flames of burning houses, kept it in a state of terrific illumination.

«When once the pestilence had begun it was impossible to check its progress, or confine it to one quarter of the city. Hospitals were immediately established, — there were above thirty of them; as soon as one was destroyed by the bombardment, the patients were removed to another, and thus the infection was carried to every part of Zaragoza. Famine aggravated the evil; the city had probably not been sufficiently provided at the commencement of the siege, and of the provisions which it contained, much was destroyed in the daily ruin which the mines and bombs effected. Had the Zaragozans and their garrison



proceeded according to military rules, they would have surrendered before the end of January; their batteries had then been demolished, there were open breaches in many parts of their weak walls, and the enemy were already within the city. On the 30th above sixty houses were blown up, and the French obtained possession of the monasteries of the Augustines and Las Monicas, which adjoined each other, two of the last defensible places left. The enemy forced their way into the church; every column, every chapel, every altar, became a point of defence, which was repeatedly attacked, taken, and retaken; the pavement was covered with blood, the aisles and body of the church strewn with the dead, who were trampled under foot by the combatants. In the midst of this conflict, the roof, shattered by repeated bombs, fell in; the few who were not crushed, after a short pause, which this tremendous shock and their own unexpected escape occasioned, renewed the fight with rekindling fury: fresh parties of the enemy poured in; monks, and citizens, and soldiers came to the defence, and the contest was continued upon the ruins, and the bodies of the dead and the dying." —

Yet, seventeen days after sustaining these extremities, did the heroic inhabitants of Zaragoza continue their defence; nor did they then surrender until their despair had extracted from the



French generals a capitulation, more honourable than has been granted to fortresses of the first order.

Who shall venture to refuse the Zaragozans the eulogium conferred upon them by the eloquence of Wordsworth! — «Most gloriously have the citizens of Zaragoza proved that the true army of Spain, in a contest of this nature, is the whole people. The same city has also exemplified a melancholy, yea, a dismal truth, — yet consolatory and full of joy, — that when a people are called suddenly to fight for their liberty, and are sorely pressed upon, their best field of battle is the floors upon which their children have played; the chambers where the family of each man has slept (his own or his neighbours’;) upon or under the roofs by which they have been sheltered; in the gardens of their recreation; in the street, or in the marketplace; before the altars of their temples, and among their congregated dwellings, blazing or up-rooted.

«The government of Spain must never forget Zaragoza for a moment. Nothing is wanting to produce the same effects every where, but a leading mind, such as that city was blessed with. In the latter contest this has been proved; for Zaragoza contained, at that time, bodies of men from almost all parts of Spain. The narrative of those two sieges should be the manual of every



Spaniard. He may add to it the ancient stories of Numantia and Saguntum; let him sleep upon the book as a pillow, and, if he be a devout adherent to the religion of his country, let him wear it in his bosom for his crucifix to rest upon."

### NOTE IX.

—— *the Vault of Destiny.* — St. LXIII. p. 43.

Before finally dismissing the enchanted cavern of Don Roderick, it may be noticed, that the legend occurs in one of Calderon's plays, entitled, *La Virgin del Sagrario*. The scene opens with the noise of the chace, and Recisundo, a predecessor of Roderick upon the Gothic throne, enters pursuing a stag. The animal assumes the form of a man, and defies the king to enter the cave, which forms the bottom of the scene, and engage with him in single combat. The king accepts the challenge, and they engage accordingly, but without advantage on either side, which induces the Genie to inform Recisundo, that he is not the monarch for whom the adventure of the enchanted cavern is reserved, and he proceeds to predict the downfall of the Gothic monarchy, and of the Christian religion, which shall attend the discovery of its mysteries.



Recisundo, appalled by these prophecies, orders the cavern to be secured by a gate and bolts of iron. In the second part of the same play we are informed, that Don Roderick had removed the barrier and transgressed the prohibition of his ancestor, and had been apprized by the prodigies which he discovered of the approaching ruin of his kingdom.



## NOTES ON THE CONCLUSION.

### Note I.

*While downward on the land his legions press,  
Before them it was rich with vine and flock,  
And smiled like Eden in her summer dress;  
Behind their wasteful march, a reeking wilderness.*

St. II. p. 45.

I have ventured to apply to the movements of the French army that sublime passage in the prophecies of Joel, which seems applicable to them in more respects than that I have adopted in the text. One would think their ravages, their military appointments, the terror which they spread among invaded nations, their military discipline, their arts of political intrigue and deceit, were distinctly pointed out in the following verses of Scripture: —



2. «A day of darknesse and of gloominesse, a day of clouds and of thick darknesse, as the morning spread upon the mountains: a great people and a strong, there hath not been ever the like, neither shall be any more after it, even to the yeares of many generations.

3. «A fire devoureth before them, and behind them a flame burneth: the land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behinde them a desolate wilderness, yea, and nothing shall escape them.

4. «The appearance of them is as the appearance of horses and as horsemen, so shall they runne.

5. «Like the noise of chariots on the tops of mountains, shall they leap, like the noise of a flame of fire that devoureth the stubble, as a strong people set in battel array.

6. „Before their face shall the people be much pained: all faces shall gather blacknesse.

7. «They shall run like mighty men, they shall climbe the wall like men of warre, and they shall march every one in his wayes, and they shall not break their ranks.

8. „Neither shall one thrust another, they shall walk every one in his path: and when they fall upon the sword they shall not be wounded.

9. «They shall run to and fro in the citie: they shall run upon the wall, they shall climbe



up upon the houses: they shall enter in at the windows like a thief.

10. «The earth shall quake before them, the heavens shall tremble, the sunne and the moon shall be dark, and the starres shall withdraw their shining.»

In verse 20th also, which announces the retreat of the northern army, described in such dreadful colours, into a «land barren and desolate,” and the dishonour with which God afflicted them for having «magnified themselves to do great things,” there are particulars not inapplicable to the retreat of Massena; Divine Providence having, in all ages, attached disgrace as the natural punishment of cruelty and presumption.

## Note II.

*The rudest centinel in Britain born,  
Gave his poor crust to feed some wretch forlorn.*

St. VII. p. 47.

Even the unexampled gallantry of the British army in the campaign of 1810-11, although they never fought but to conquer, will do them less honour in history than their humanity, attentive to soften to the utmost of their power the horrors which war, in its mildest aspect, must



always inflict upon the defenceless inhabitants of the country in which it is waged, and which, on this occasion, were tenfold augmented by the barbarous cruelties of the French. Soup-kitchens were established by subscription among the officers, wherever the troops were quartered for any length of time. The commissaries contributed the heads, feet, etc. of the cattle slaughtered for the soldiery: rice, vegetables, and bread where it could be had, were purchased by the officers. Fifty or sixty starving peasants were daily fed at one of these regimental establishments, and carried home the reliques to their famished households. The emaciated wretches, who could not crawl from weakness, were speedily employed in pruning their vines. While pursuing Massena, the soldiers evinced the same spirit of humanity, and, in many instances, when reduced themselves to short allowance, from having out-marched their supplies, they shared their pittance with the starving inhabitants who had ventured back to view the ruins of their habitations, burnt by the retreating enemy, and to bury the bodies of their relations whom they had butchered. Is it possible to know such facts without feeling a sort of confidence, that those who so well deserve victory are most likely to attain it? — It is not the least of Lord Wellington's military merits, that



the slightest disposition towards marauding meets immediate punishment. Independently of all moral obligation, the army which is most orderly in a friendly country, has always proved most formidable to an armed enemy.

### Note III.

—— *vain-glorious Fugitive!* — St. VIII. p. 48.

The French conducted this memorable retreat with much of the *fanfarronade* proper to their country, by which they attempt to impose upon others, and perhaps on themselves, a belief that they are triumphing in the very moment of their discomfiture. On the 30th March, 1811, their rear-guard was overtaken near Pega by the British cavalry. Being well-posted, and conceiving themselves safe from infantry, (who were indeed many miles in the rear,) and from artillery, they indulged themselves in parading their bands of music, and actually performed "God save the King." Their minstrelsy was however deranged by the undesired accompaniment of the British horse-artillery, on whose part in the concert they had not calculated. The surprise was sudden, and the rout complete; for the artillery and cavalry did execution upon them for about four miles, pursuing at



the gallop as often as they got beyond the range of the guns.

NOTE IV.

*Vainly thy squadrons hide Assuava's plain,  
And front the flying thunders as they roar,  
With frantic charge and ten-fold odds, in vain!*

St. X. p. 49.

In the severe action of Fuentes d'Honoro, upon 5th May, 1811, the grand mass of the French cavalry attacked the right of the British position, covered by two guns of the horse-artillery, and two squadrons of cavalry. After suffering considerably from the fire of the guns, which annoyed them in every attempt at formation, the enemy turned their wrath entirely towards them, distributed brandy among their troopers, and advanced to carry the field-pieces with the desperation of drunken fury. They were in no ways checked by the heavy loss which they sustained in this daring attempt, but closed, and fairly mingled with the British cavalry, to whom they bore the proportion of ten to one. Captain Ramsay, (let me be permitted to name a gallant countryman,) who commanded the two guns, dismissed them at the gallop, and, putting himself at the head of the mounted ar-



tillerymen, ordered them to fall upon the French, sabre-in-hand. This very unexpected conversion of artillerymen into dragoons contributed greatly to the defeat of the enemy, already disconcerted by the reception they had met from the two British squadrons; and the appearance of some small reinforcements, notwithstanding the immense disproportion of force, put them to absolute rout. A colonel or major of their cavalry, and many prisoners, (almost all intoxicated), remained in our possession. Those who consider for a moment the difference of the services, and how much an artilleryman is necessarily and naturally led to identify his own safety and utility with abiding by the tremendous implement of war, to the exercise of which he is chiefly, if not exclusively, trained, will know how to estimate the presence of mind which commanded so bold a manœuvre, and the steadiness and confidence with which it was executed.

Note V.

*And what avails thee that, for Cameron slain,  
Wild from his plaided ranks the yell was given—*

St. X. p. 49.

The gallant Colonel Cameron was wounded mortally during the desperate contest in the



streets of the village called Fuentes d'Honoro. He fell at the head of his native Highlanders, the 71st and 79th, who raised a dreadful shriek of grief and rage. They charged, with irresistible fury, the finest body of French grenadiers ever seen, being a part of Buonaparte's selected guard. The officer who led the French, a man remarkable for stature and symmetry, was killed on the spot. The Frenchman who stepped out of his rank to take aim at Colonel Cameron, was also bayoneted, pierced with a thousand wounds, and almost torn to pieces by the furious Highlanders, who, under the command of Colonel Cadogan, bore the enemy out of the contested ground at the point of the bayonet. Massena pays my countrymen a singular compliment in his account of the attack and defence of this village, in which he says, the British lost many officers, *and Scotch.*

#### NOTE VI.

*O who shall grudge him Albuera's bays,  
 Who brought a race regenerate to the field,  
 Roused them to emulate their fathers' praise,  
 Temper'd their headlong rage, their courage  
 steel'd. — St. XIV. p. 51.*

Nothing during the war of Portugal seems,



to a distinct observer, more deserving of praise, than the self-devotion of Field-Marshal Beresford, who was contented to undertake all the hazard of obloquy which might have been founded upon any miscarriage in the highly-important experiment of training the Portuguese troops to an improved state of discipline. In exposing his military reputation to the censure of imprudence from the most moderate, and all manner of unutterable calumnies from the ignorant and malignant, he placed at stake the dearest pledge which a military man had to offer, and nothing but the deepest conviction of the high and essential importance attached to success can be supposed an adequate motive. How great the chance of miscarriage was supposed, may be estimated from the general opinion of officers of unquestioned talents and experience, possessed of every opportunity of information; how completely the experiment has succeeded, and how much the spirit and patriotism of our ancient allies had been underrated, is evident, not only from those victories in which they have borne a distinguished share, but from the liberal and highly honourable manner in which these opinions have been retracted. The success of this plan, with all its important consequences, we owe to the indefatigable exertions of Field-Marshal Beresford.



## Note VII.

— a race renown'd of old,  
 Whose war-cry oft has waked the battle-swell.

St. XVII. p. 53.

This stanza alludes to the various achievements of the warlike family of Græme, or Grahame. They are said, by tradition, to have descended from the Scottish chief, under whose command his countrymen stormed the wall built by the Emperor Severus between the firths of Forth and Clyde, the fragments of which are still popularly called Græme's Dyke. Sir John the Græme, «the hardy, wight, and wise,” is well known as the friend of Sir William Wallace. Alderne, Kilsyth, and Tibbermuir, were scenes of the victories of the heroic Marquis of Montrose. The pass of Killy-crankie is famous for the action between King William's forces and the Highlanders in 1689,

„Where glad Dundee in faint huzzas expired.“

It is seldom that one line can number so many heroes, and yet more rare when it can appeal to the glory of a living descendant in support of its ancient renown.

The allusions to the private history and character of General Grahame may be illustrated by referring to the eloquent and affecting speech of Mr Sheridan, upon the vote of thanks to the Victor of Barosa.

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THE  
FIELD OF WATERLOO;  
A POEM.

---

*Though Valois braved young Edward's gentle hand,  
And Albret rush'd on Henry's way-worn band,  
With Europe's chosen sons in arms renown'd,  
Yet not on Vere's bold archers long they look'd,  
Nor Audley's squires nor Mowbray's yeomen brook'd, —  
They saw their standard fall, and left their monarch bound.*

AKENSIDE.







To  
HER GRACE  
THE  
DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON,  
PRINCESS OF WATERLOO,  
etc. etc. etc.

THE FOLLOWING VERSES

ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.



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THE
FIELD OF WATERLOO.

I.

FAIR Brussels, thou art far behind,
 Though, lingering on the morning wind,
 We yet may hear the hour
 Peal'd over orchard and canal,
 With voice prolong'd and measured fall,
 From proud Saint Michael's tower.
 Thy wood, dark Soignies, holds us now,
 Where the tall beeches' glossy bough
 For many a league around,
 With birch and darksome oak between,
 Spreads deep and far a pathless screen,
 Of tangled forest ground.

Stems planted close by stems defy
The adventurous foot — the curious eye
For access seeks in vain;
And the brown tapestry of leaves,
Strew'd on the blighted ground, receives
Nor sun, nor air, nor rain.
No opening glade dawns on our way,
No streamlet, glancing to the ray,
Our woodland path has cross'd;
And the straight causeway which we tread,
Prolongs a line of dull arcade,
Unvarying through the unvaried shade
Until in distance lost.

II.

A brighter, livelier scene succeeds;
In groupes the scattering wood recedes,
Hedge-rows, and huts, and sunny meads,
And corn-fields glance between;
The peasant, at his labour blithe,
Plies the hook'd staff and shorten'd scythe: —
But when these ears were green,
Placed close within destruction's scope,
Full little was that rustic's hope
Their ripening to have seen!
And, lo, a hamlet and its fane: —
Let not the gazer with disdain
Their architecture view;

For yonder rude ungraceful shrine,
And disproportion'd spire, are thine,
Immortal WATERLOO!

III.

Fear not the heat, though full and high
The sun has scorch'd the autumn sky,
And scarce a forest straggler now
To shade us spreads a greenwood bough.
These fields have seen a hotter day
Than e'er was fired by sunny ray.
Yet one mile on — yon shatter'd hedge
Crests the soft hill whose long smooth ridge
Looks on the field below,
And sinks so gently on the dale,
That not the folds of Beauty's veil
In easier curves can flow.
Brief space from thence, the ground again
Ascending slowly from the plain,
Forms an opposing screen,
Which, with its crest of upland ground,
Shuts the horizon all around.
The soften'd vale between
Slopes smooth and fair for courser's tread
Not the most timid maid need dread
To give her snow-white palfrey head
On that wide stubble-ground
Nor wood, nor tree, nor bush are there,

Her course to intercept or scare,
Nor fosse nor fence are found,
Save where, from out her shatter'd bowers,
Rise Hougoumont's dismantled towers.

IV.

Now, see'st thou aught in this lone scene
Can tell of that which late hath been? —

A stranger might reply,
«The bare extent of stubble-plain
Seems lately lighten'd of its grain;
And yonder sable tracks remain
Marks of the peasant's ponderous wain,
When harvest-home was nigh.

On these broad spots of trampled ground,
Perchance the rustics danced such round

As Teniers loved to draw;
And where the earth seems scorch'd by flame,
To dress the homely feast they came,
And toil'd the kerchief'd village dame
Around her fire of straw.» —

V.

So deem'st thou — so each mortal deems,
Of that which is from that which seems: —

But other harvest here
Than that which peasant's scythe demands,

Was gather'd in by sterner hands,
With bayonet, blade, and spear.
No vulgar crop was theirs to reap,
No stinted harvest thin and cheap!
Heroes before each fatal sweep
Fell thick as ripen'd grain;
And ere the darkening of the day,
Piled high as autumn shocks, there lay
The ghastly harvest of the fray,
The corpses of the slain.

VI.

Aye, look again — that line so black
And trampled, marks the bivouack,
Yon deep-graved ruts the artillery's track,
So often lost and won;
And close beside, the hearden'd mud
Still shows where, fetlock-deep in blood,
The fierce dragoon, through battle's flood,
Dash'd the hot war-horse on.
These spots of excavation tell
The ravage of the bursting shell —
And feel'st thou not the tainted steam,
That reeks against the sultry beam,
From yonder trenched mound?
The pestilential fumes declare
That Carnage has replenish'd there
Her garner-house profound.

VII.

Far other harvest-home and feast,
Than claims the boor from scythe released,

On these scorch'd fields were known!
Death hover'd o'er the maddening rout,
And, in the thrilling battle-shout,
Sent for the bloody banquet out

A summons of his own.
Through rolling smoke the Demon's eye
Could well each destined guest espy,
Well could his ear in ecstasy

Distinguish every tone
That fill'd the chorus of the fray —
From cannon-roar and trumpet-bray,
From charging squadrons' wild hurra,
From the wild clang that mark'd their way, —

Down to the dying groan,
And the last sob of life's decay
When breath was all but flown.

VIII.

Feast on, stern foe of mortal life,
Feast on! — but think not that a strife,
With such promiscuous carnage rife,

Protracted space may last;
The deadly tug of war at length
Must limits find in human strength,

And cease when thsee are pass'd.
Vain hope! — that morn's o'erclouded sun
Heard the wild shout of fight begun

Ere he attain'd his height,
And through the war-smoke volumed high,
Still peals that unremitted cry,

Though now he stoops to night.
For ten long hours of doubt and dread,
Fresh succours from the extended head
Of either hill the contest fed;

Still down the slope they drew,
The charge of columns paused not,
Nor ceased the storm of shell and shot;

For all that war could do
Of skill and force was proved that day,
And turn'd not yet the doubtful fray

On bloody Waterloo.

IX.

Pale Brussels! then what thoughts were thine,
When ceaseless from the distant line

Continued thunders came!

Each burgher held his breath, to hear
These forerunners of havock near,

Of rapine and of flame.

What ghastly sights were thine to meet,
When, rolling through thy stately street,
The wounded show'd their mangled plight

In token of the unfinish'd fight,
And from each anguish-laden wain
The blood-drops laid thy dust like rain
How often in the distant drum
Heard'st thou the fell Invader come,
While Ruin, shouting to his band,
Shook high her torch and gory brand! —
Cheer thee, fair City! From yon stand,
Impatient, still his outstretch'd hand
Points to his prey in vain,
While maddening in his eager mood,
And all unwont to be withstood,
He fires the fight again.

X.

«On! On!» was still his stern exclaim
«Confront the battery's jaws of flame!
«Rush on the level'd gun!
«My steel-clad cuirassiers, advance!
«Each Hulan forward with his lance,
«My Guard — my chosen — charge for France,
«France and Napoleon!»
Loud answer'd their acclaiming shout,
Greeting the mandate which sent out
Their bravest and their best to dare
The fate their leader shunn'd to share.
But He, his country's sword and shield,
Still in the battle-front reveal'd,

Where danger fiercest swept the field,
Came like a beam of light,
In action prompt, in sentence brief —
“Soldiers, stand firm,” exclaim’d the Chief,
“England shall tell the fight!”

XI.

On came the whirlwind — like the last
But fiercest sweep of tempest blast —
On came the whirlwind — steel-gleams broke
Like lightning through the rolling smoke.
The war was waked anew,
Three hundred cannon-mouths roar’d loud,
And from their throats, with flash and cloud,
Their showers of iron threw.
Beneath their fire, in full career,
Rush’d on the ponderous cuirassier,
The lancer couch’d his ruthless spear,
And hurrying as to havock near,
The Cohorts’ eagles flew.
In one dark torrent broad and strong,
The advancing onset roll’d along,
Forth harbinger’d by fierce acclaim,
That, from the shroud of smoke and flame,
Peal’d wildly the imperial name.

XII.

But on the British heart were lost
The terrors of the charging host;
For not an eye the storm that view'd
Changed its proud glance of fortitude,
Nor was one forward footstep staid,
As dropp'd the dying and the dead.
Fast as their ranks the thunders tear,
Fast they renew'd each serried square;
And on the wounded and the slain
Closed their diminish'd files again,
Till from their line scarce spears' lengths three,
Emerging from the smoke they see
Helmet and plume and panoply, —

Then waked their fire at once!
Each musketeer's revolving knell,
As fast, as regularly fell,
As when they practise to display
Their discipline on festal day.

Then down went helm and lance,
Down were the eagle banners sent,
Down reeling steeds and riders went,
Corslets were pierced, and pennons rent;

And to augment the fray,
Wheel'd full against their staggering flanks,
The English horsemen's foaming ranks
Forced their resistless way.

Then to the musket-knell succeeds

The clash of swords — the neigh of steeds —
As plies the smith his clanging trade,
Against the cuirass rang the blade;
And while amid their close array
The well-served cannon rent their way,
And while amid their scatter'd band
Raged the fierce rider's bloody brand,
Recoil'd in common rout and fear,
Lancer and guard and cuirassier,
Horsemen and foot, — a mingled host,
Their leaders fallen, their standards lost.

XIII.

Then, WELLINGTON! thy piercing eye
This crisis caught of destiny —
The British host had stood
That morn 'gainst charge of sword and lance
As their own ocean-rocks hold stance,
But when thy voice had said, "Advance!"

They were their ocean's flood. —
O Thou, whose inauspicious aim
Hath wrought thy host this hour of shame,
Think'st thou thy broken bands will bide
The terrors of yon rushing tide?
Or will thy Chosen brook to feel
The British shock of levell'd steel?

Or dost thou turn thine eye
Where coming squadrons gleam afar, —

And fresher thunders wake the war,
And other standards fly? —
Think not that in yon columns, file
Thy conquering troops from distant Dyle —
Is Blucher yet unknown?
Or dwells not in thy memory still,
(Heard frequent in thine hour of ill)
What notes of hate and vengeance thrill
In Prussia's trumpet tone? —
What yet remains? — shall it be thine
To head the reliques of thy line
In one dread effort more? —
The Roman lore thy leisure loved,
And thou can'st tell what fortune proved
That Chieftain, who, of yore,
Ambition's dizzy paths essay'd,
And with the gladiators' aid
For empire enterprized —
He stood the cast his rashness play'd,
Left not the victims he had made,
Dug his red grave with his own blade,
And on the field he lost was laid,
Abhorr'd — but not despised.

XIV.

But if revolves thy fainter thought
On safety — howsoever bought,
Then turn thy fearful rein and ride,

Though twice ten thousand men have died

On this eventful day,

To gild the military fame

Which thou, for life, in traffic tame

Wilt barter thus away.

Shall future ages tell this tale

Of inconsistency faint and frail?

And art thou He of Lodi's bridge,

Marengo's field, and Wagram's ridge!

Or is thy soul like mountain-tide,

That, swell'd by winter storm and shower,

Rolls down in turbulence of power

A torrent fierce and wide;

'Rest of these aids, a rill obscure,

Shrinking unnoticed, mean, and poor,

Whose channel shows display'd

The wrecks of its impetuous course,

But not one symptom of the force

By which these wrecks were made!

XV.

Spur on thy way! — since now thine ear

Has brook'd thy veterans' wish to hear,

Who, as thy flight they eyed,

Exclaimed, — while tears of anguish came,

Wrung forth by pride and rage and shame, —

«Oh that he had but died!

But yet, to sum this hour of ill,

Look, ere thou leav'st the fatal hill,
Back on yon broken ranks —
Upon whose wild confusion gleams
The moon, as on the troubled streams
When rivers break their banks,
And, to the ruin'd peasant's eye,
Objects half seen roll swiftly by,
Down the dread current hurl'd —
So mingle banner, wain, and gun,
Where the tumultuous flight rolls on
Of warriors, who, when morn begun,
Defied a banded world

XVI.

List — frequent to the hurrying rout,
The stern pursuers' vengeful shout
Tells, that upon their broken rear
Rages the Prussian's bloody spear.
So fell a shriek was none,
When Beresina's icy flood
Redden'd and thaw'd with flame and blood,
And, pressing on thy desperate way,
Raised oft and long their wild hurra,
The children of the Don.
Thine ear no yell of horror cleft —
So ominous, when, all bereft
Of aid, the valiant Polack left —
Aye, left by thee — found soldier's grave

In Leipsic's corpse-encumber'd wave.
Fate, in these various perils past,
Reserved thee still some future cast: —
On the dread die thou now hast thrown,
Hangs not a single field alone,
Nor one campaign — thy martial fame,
Thy empire, dynasty, and name,
Have felt the final stroke;
And now, o'er thy devoted head
The last stern vial's wrath is shed,
The last dread seal is broke.

XVII.

Since live thou wilt — refuse not now
Before these demagogues to bow,
Late objects of thy scorn and hate,
Who shall thy once imperial fate
Make wordy theme of vain debate. —
Or shall we say, thou stoop'st less low
In seeking refuge from the foe,
Against whose heart, in prosperous life,
Thine hand hath ever held the knife? —

Such homage hath been paid
By Roman and by Grecian voice,
And there were honour in the choice,

If it were freely made.
Then safely come — in one so low, —
So lost, — we cannot own a foe;

Though dear experience bid us end,
In thee we ne'er can hail a friend. —
Come, howsoe'er — but do not hide
Close in thy heart that germ of pride,
Erewhile by gifted bard espied,

That «yet imperial hope;»
Think not that for a fresh rebound,
To raise ambition from the ground,

We yield thee means or scope.
In safety come — but ne'er again
Hold type of independent reign;

No islet calls thee lord,
We leave thee no confederate band,
No symbol of thy lost command,
To be a dagger in the hand

From which we wrench'd the sword.

XVIII.

Yet, even in yon sequester'd spot,
May worthier conquest be thy lot

Than yet thy life has known;
Conquest, unbought by blood or harm,
That needs nor foreign aid nor arm,

A triumph all thine own.
Such waits thee when thou shalt controul
Those passions wild, that stubborn soul,

That marr'd thy prosperous scene: —
Hear this — from no unmoved heart,

Which sighs, comparing what THOU ART
With what thou MIGHT'ST HAVE BEEN!

XIX.

Thou, too, whose deeds of fame renew'd
Bankrupt a nation's gratitude,
To thine own noble heart must owe
More than the meed she can bestow.
For not a people's just acclaim,
Not the full hail of Europe's fame,
Thy prince's smiles, thy state's decree,
The ducal rank, the garter'd knee,
Not these such pure delight afford
As that, when, hanging up thy sword,
Well may'st thou think, "This honest steel
Was ever drawn for public weal;
And, such was rightful Heaven's decree,
Ne'er sheathed unless with victory!"

XX.

Look forth, once more, with soften'd heart,
Ere from the field of fame we part;
Triumph and Sorrow border near,
And joy oft melts into a tear.
Alas! what links of love that morn
Has War's rude hand asunder torn!

For ne'er was field so sternly fought,
And ne'er was conquest dearer bought.
Here piled in common slaughter sleep
Those whom affection long shall weep;
Here rests the sire, that ne'er shall strain
His orphans to his heart again;
The son, whom, on his native shore,
The parent's voice shall bless no more;
The bridegroom, who has hardly press'd
His blushing consort to his breast;
The husband, whom through many a year
Long love and mutual faith endear.
Thou can'st not name one tender tie
But here dissolved its reliques lie!
O when thou see'st some mourner's veil,
Shroud her thin form and visage pale,
Or mark'st the Matron's bursting tears
Stream when the stricken drum she hears;
Or see'st how manlier grief, suppress'd,
Is labouring in a father's breast, —
With no enquiry vain pursue
The cause, but think on Waterloo!

XXI.

Period of honour as of woes,
What bright careers 'twas thine to close! —
Mark'd on thy roll of blood what names
To Britain's memory, and to Fame's,

Laid there their last immortal claims!
Thou saw'st in seas of gore expire
Redoubted PICTON's soul of fire —
Saw'st in the mingled carnage lie
All that of PONSONBY could die —
DE LANCY change Love's bridal-wreath
For laurels from the hand of Death —
Saw'st gallant MILLER's failing eye
Still bent where Albion's banners fly,
And CAMERON, in the shock of steel,
Die like the offspring of Lochiel;
And generous GORDON, 'mid the strife,
Fall while he watch'd his leader's life. —
Ah! though her guardian angel's shield
Fenced Britain's hero through the field,
Fate not the less her power made known,
Through his friends' hearts to pierce his own!

XXII.

Forgive, brave Dead, the imperfect lay!
Who may your names, your numbers, say?
What high-strung harp, what lofty line,
To each the dear earn'd praise assign,
From high-born chiefs of martial fame
To the poor soldier's lowlier name?
Lightly ye rose that dawning day,
From your cold couch of swamp and clay,

To fill, before the sun was low,
The bed that morning cannot know. —
Oft may the tear the green sod steep,
And sacred be the heroes' sleep,
Till Time shall cease to run;
And ne'er beside their noble grave,
May Briton pass and fail to crave
A blessing on the fallen brave
Who fought with Wellington

XXIII.

Farewell, sad Field! whose blighted face
Wears desolation's withering trace;
Long shall my memory retain
Thy shatter'd huts and trampled grain,
With every mark of martial wrong,
That scathe thy towers, fair Hougomont!
Yet though thy garden's green arcade
The markman's fatal post was made,
Though on thy shatter'd beeches fell
The blended rage of shot and shell,
Though from thy blacken'd portals torn
Their fall thy blighted fruit-trees mourn,
Has not such havock bought a name
Immortal in the rolls of fame?
Yes — Agincourt may be forgot,

And Cressy be an unknown spot,
And Blenheim's name be new;
But still in story and in song,
For many an age remember'd long,
Shall live the towers of Hougomont,
And fields of Waterloo.

CONCLUSION.

STERN tide of human Time! that know'st not
rest,

But, sweeping from the cradle to the tomb,
Bear'st ever downward on thy dusky breast

Successive generations to their doom;

While thy capacious stream has equal room

For the gay bark where Pleasure's streamers
sport,

And for the prison-ship of guilt and gloom,

The fisher-skiff, and barge that bears a court,

Still wafting onward all to one dark silent port.

Stern tide of Time! through what mysterious
change

Of hope and fear have our frail barks been
driven!

For ne'er, before, vicissitude so strange

Was to one race of Adam's offspring given.

And sure such varied change of sea and heaven,
Such unexpected bursts of joy and woe,
Such fearful strife as that where we have striven,
Succeeding ages ne'er again shall know,
Until the awful term when Thou shalt cease to
flow.

Well hast thou stood, my Country! — the
brave fight

Hast well maintain'd through good report
and ill;

In thy just cause and in thy native might,
And in Heaven's grace and justice constant
still.

Whether the banded prowess, strength, and
skill

Of half the world against thee stood array'd,
Or when, with better views and freer will,
Beside thee Europe's noblest drew the blade,
Each emulous in arms the Ocean Queen to aid.

Well thou art now repaid — though slowly rose,
And struggled long with mists thy blaze of
fame,

While like the dawn in the orient glows
On the broad wave its earlier lustre came;
Then eastern Egypt saw the growing flame,
And Maida's myrtles gleam'd beneath its ray,

Where first the soldier, stung with generous
shame,
Rivall'd the heroes of the wat'ry way,
And wash'd in foemen's gore unjust reproach
away.

Now, Island Empress, wave thy crest on high,
And bid the banner of thy Patron flow,
Gallant Saint George, the flower of Chivalry!
For thou hast faced, like him, a dragon foe,
And rescued innocence from overthrow,
And trampled down, like him, tyrannic
 might,
And to the gazing world may'st proudly show
The chosen emblem of thy sainted Knight,
Who quell'd devouring pride, and vindicated right.

Yet 'mid the confidence of just renown,
Renown dear-bought, but dearest thus ac-
quired,
Write, Britain, write the moral lesson down:
'Tis not alone the heart with valour fired,
The discipline so dreaded and admired,
In many a field of bloody conquest known;
— Such may by fame be lured — by gold be
hired —
'Tis constancy in the good cause alone,
Best justifies the meed thy valiant sons have won.

NOTES.

N O T E S.

N o t e I.

*The peasant, at his labour blithe,
Plies the hook'd staff and shorten'd scythe.*

P. 98.

The reaper in Flanders carries in his left hand a stick with an iron hook, with which he collects as much grain as he can cut at one sweep with a short scythe, which he holds in his right hand. They carry on this double process with great spirit and dexterity.

N o t e II.

Pale Brussels! then what thoughts were thine.

P. 103.

It was affirmed by the prisoners of war, that Buonaparte had promised his army, in case of

victory, twentyfour hours plunder of the city of Brussels.

N o t e III.

«Confront the battery's jaws of flame!

«Rush on the levell'd gun!» — P. 104.

The characteristic obstinacy of Napoleon was never more fully displayed than in what we may be permitted to hope will prove the last of his fields. He would listen to no advice, and allow of no obstacles. An eye-witness has given the following account of his demeanour towards the end of the action: —

«It was near seven o'clock; Buonaparte, who, till then, had remained upon the ridge of the hill whence he could best behold what passed, contemplated, with a stern countenance, the scene of this horrible slaughter. The more that obstacles seemed to multiply, the more his obstinacy seemed to increase. He became indignant at these unforeseen difficulties; and, far from fearing to push to extremities an army whose confidence in him was boundless, he ceased not to pour down fresh troops, and to give orders to march forward — to charge with the bayonet — to carry by storm. He was repeatedly informed, from different points, that the day went against him, and that the troops seemed to be disor-

dered; to which he only replied. —, *En avant!*
en avant!

“One general sent to inform the Emperor that he was in a position which he could not maintain, because it was commanded by a battery, and requested to know, at the same time, in what way he should protect his division from the murderous fire of the English artillery. ‘Let him storm the battery,’ replied Buonaparte, and turned his back on the aid-de-camp who brought the message.” — *Relation de la Bataille de Mont-Saint Jean. Par un Temoin Occulaire.* Paris, 1815, 8vo. p. 51.

NOTE IV.

The fate their leader shunn'd to share.. — P. 104.

It has been reported that Buonaparte charged at the head of his guards at the last period of this dreadful conflict. This, however, is not accurate. He came down, indeed, to a hollow part of the high road leading to Charleroi, within less than a quarter of a mile of the farm of La Haye Sainte, one of the points most fiercely disputed. Here he harangued the guards, and informed them that his preceding operations had destroyed the British infantry and cavalry, and that they had only to support the fire of the artillery, which they were to attack with the bayonet. This ex-

hortation was received with shouts of *Vive l'Empereur*, which were heard over all our line, and led to an idea that Napoleon was charging in person. But the guards were led on by Ney; nor did Buonaparte approach nearer the scene of action than the spot already mentioned, which the rising banks on each side rendered secure from all such balls as did not come in a straight line. He witnessed the earlier part of the battle from places yet more remote, particularly from an observatory which had been placed there by the king of the Netherlands, some weeks before, for the purpose of surveying the country *). It is not meant to infer from these particulars that Napoleon shewed, on that memorable occasion, the least deficiency in personal courage; on the contrary, he evinced the greatest composure and presence of mind during the whole action. But it is no less true that report has erred in ascribing to him any desperate efforts of valour for recovery of the battle; and it is remarkable, that during the whole carnage, none of his suite were either killed or wounded, whereas scarcely one of the Duke of Wellington's personal attendants escaped unhurt.

*) The mistakes concerning this observatory have been mutual. The English supposed it was erected for the use of Buonaparte; and a French writer affirms it was constructed by the Duke of Wellington.

Note V.

England shall tell the fight. — P. 105.

In riding up to a regiment which was hard pressed, the Duke called to the men, "Soldiers, we must never be beat, — what will they say in England?" It is needless to say how this appeal was answered.

Note VI.

*As plies the smith his clanging trade,
Against the cuirass rang the blade. — P. 107.*

A private soldier of the 95th regiment compared the sound which took place immediately upon the British cavalry mingling with those of the enemy, to "a thousand tinkers at work mending pots and kettles."

Note VII.

*Or will thy Chosen brook to feel
The British shock of levell'd steel. — P. 107.*

No persuasion or authority could prevail upon the French troops to stand the shock of the bayonet. The imperial guards, in particular, hardly stood till the British were within thirty yards of them, although the French author, already quoted, has put into their mouths the

magnanimous sentiment, "The guards never yield — they die." The same author has covered the plateau, or eminence, of St. Jean, which formed the British position, with redoubts and entrenchments which never had an existence. As the narrative, which is in many respects curious, was written by an eye-witness, he was probably deceived by the appearance of a road and ditch which runs along part of the hill. It may be also mentioned, in criticising this work, that the writer states the Chateau of Hougomont to have been carried by the French, although it was resolutely and successfully defended during the whole action. The enemy, indeed, possessed themselves of the wood by which it is surrounded, and at length set fire to the house itself; but the British (a detachment of the Guards, under the command of Colonel Macdonnell, and afterwards of Colonel Home,) made good the garden, and thus preserved, by their desperate resistance, the post which covered the return of the Duke of Wellington's right flank.

THE END.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE PALACE.

O open the door, some day in some place
Hence flows the southern wind
The glow is white with the sunset
And the path is hard to find.

No shadow makes your name
From whetting the king's door
Though now in Chatter's crowded room
Light shows a shadowed form.

A merry Palmer, with a red
And a shadow for my own
O open the door for the sake

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE PALMER.

“O OPEN the door, some pity to shew,
“Keen blows the northern wind;
“The glen is white with the drifted snow,
“And the path is hard to find.

“No Outlaw seeks your castle gate,
“From chasing the king’s deer,
“Though even an Outlaw’s wretched state
“Might claim compassion here.

“A weary Palmer, worn and weak,
“I wander for my sin;
“O open for Our Lady’s sake,
“A pilgrim’s blessing win!

«I'll give you pardons from the pope,
«And reliques from o'er the sea, —
«Or if for these you will not ope,
„Yet open for charity.

«The hare is crouching in her form,
«The hart beside the hind;
«An aged man, amid the storm,
«No shelter can I find.

«You hear the Ettrick's sullen roar,
«Dark, deep, and strong is he,
«And I must ford the Ettrick o'er,
«Unless you pity me.

«The iron gate is bolted hard,
«At which I knock in vain;
«The owner's heart is closer barr'd,
«Who hears me thus complain.

«Farewell, farewell! and Mary grant,
«When old and frail you be,
«You never may the shelter want,
«That's now denied to me.”

The Ranger on his couch lay warm,
And heard him plead in vain;

But oft amid December's storm,
He'll hear that voice again:

For lo, when through the vapours dank,
Morn shone on Ettrick fair,
A corpse amid the alders rank,
The Palmer welter'd there.

T H E
MAID OF NEIDPATH.

THERE is a tradition in Tweeddale, that, when Neidpath Castle, near Peebles, was inhabited by the Earls of March, a mutual passion subsisted between a daughter of that noble family, and a son of the laird of Tushielaw, in Ettrick Forest. As the alliance was thought unsuitable by her parents, the young man went abroad. During his absence, the lady fell into a consumption; and at length, as the only means of saving her life, her father consented that her lover should be recalled. On the day when he was expected to pass through Peebles, on the road to Tushielaw, the young lady, though much exhausted, caused herself to be carried to the balcony of a house in Peebles, belonging to the family, that she might see him as he rode past. Her anxiety and eagerness gave such force to her organs, that she is said to have distinguished his horse's footsteps at an incredible distance. But Tushielaw, unprepared for the change in her appearance, and not expecting to see her in that place, rode on without

recognising her, or even slackening his pace. The lady was unable to support the shock, and, after a short struggle, died in the arms of her attendants. There is an incident similar to this traditional tale in Count Hamilton's «Fleur d'Epine.»

THE
MAID OE NEIDPATH.

O LOVERS' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing;
And love, in life's extremity,
Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower,
And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower,
To watch her love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
Her form decay'd by pining,
Till through her wasted hand, at night,
You saw the taper shining;
By fits, a sultry hectic hue
Across her cheek was flying;
By fits, so ashy pale she grew,
Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see and hear,
Seem'd in her frame residing;
Before the watch-dog prick'd his ear,
She heard her lover's riding;

Ere scarce a distant form was ken'd
She knew, and waved to greet him;
And o'er the battlement did bend,
As on the wing to meet him.

He came — he pass'd — an heedless gaze,
As o'er some stranger glancing;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
Lost in his courser's prancing —
The castle arch, whose hollow tone
Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan,
Which told her heart was broken.

WANDERING WILLIE.

All joy was bereft me the day that you left me,
And climb'd the tall vessel to sail yon wide sea;
O weary betide it! I wander'd beside it,
And bann'd it for parting my Willie and me.

Far o'er the wave hast thou follow'd thy fortune,
Oft fought the squadrons of France and of Spain;
Ae kiss of welcome's worth twenty at parting,
Now I hae gotten my Willie again.

When the sky it was mirk, and the winds they
were wailing,
I sat on the beach wi' the tear in my e'e,
And thought o' the bark where my Willie was
sailing,
And wish'd that the tempest could a' blaw
on me.

Now that thy gallant ship rides at her mooring,
Now that my wanderer's in safety at hame,
Music to me were the wildest winds' roaring,
That e'er o'er Inch Keith drove the dark ocean
faem.

When the lights they did blaze, and the guns
they did rattle,

And blithe was each heart for the great victory,
In secret I wept for the dangers of battle,
And thy glory itself was scarce comfort to me.

But now shalt thou tell, while I eagerly listen,
Of each bold adventure, and every brave scar;
And, trust me, I'll smile, though my een they
may glisten;

For sweet after danger's the tale of the war.

And oh, how we doubt when there's distance
'tween lovers,

When there's naething to speak to the heart
thro' the e'e;

How often the kindest, and warmest prove rovers,
And the love of the faithfulest ebbs like the sea.

Till, at times, could I help it? I pined and I
ponder'd,

If love could change notes like the bird on
the tree —

Now I'll ne'er ask if thine eyes may hae wan-
der'd,

Enough, thy leal heart has been constant to
me.

Welcome, from sweeping o'er sea and through
channel,
Hardships and danger despising for fame,
Furnishing story for glory's bright annal,
Welcome, my wanderer, to Jeanie and hame!

Enough now thy story in annals of glory
Has humbled the pride of France, Holland,
and Spain;
No more shalt thou grieve me, no more shalt
thou leave me,
I never will part with my Willie again.

HUNTING SONG.

WAKEN lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chace is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting spear;
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrilly, merrilly, mingle they,
"Waken lords and ladies gay."

Waken lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming:
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chaunt our lay,
"Waken lords and ladies gay."

Waken lords and ladies gay,
To the green wood haste away;
We can shew you where he lies,
Fleet of foot, and tall of size;

We can shew the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd;
You shall see him brought to bay,
«Waken lords and ladies gay.»

Louder, louder chaunt the lay,
Waken lords and ladies gay!
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,
Run a course as well as we;
Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk,
Staunch as hound, and fleet as hawk;
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

THE VIOLET.

THE violet in her green-wood bower,
Where birchen boughs with hazles mingle,
May boast itself the fairest flower
In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue,
Beneath the dew-drop's weight reclining;
I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,
More sweet through wat'ry lustre shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry,
Ere yet the day be past its morrow;
Nor longer in my false love's eye
Remain'd the tear of parting sorrow.

TO A LADY,

WITH FLOWERS FROM A ROMAN WALL.

TAKE these flowers which, purple waving,
On the ruin'd rampart grew,
Where, the sons of freedom braving,
Rome's imperial standards flew.

Warriors from the breach of danger
Pluck no longer laurels there :
They but yield the passing stranger
Wild-flower wreaths for Beauty's hair.

THE
BARD'S INCANTATION.

WRITTEN UNDER THE THREAT OF INVASION, IN THE
AUTUMN OF 1804.

THE Forest of Glenmore is drear,
It is all of black pine, and the dark oak-tree;
And the midnight wind, to the mountain deer,
Is whistling the forest lullaby:
The moon looks through the drifting storm,
But the troubled lake reflects not her form,
For the waves roll whitening to the land,
And dash against the shelvy strand.
There is a voice among the trees
That mingles with the groaning oak —
That mingles with the stormy breeze,
And the lake-waves dashing against the rock; —
There is a voice within the wood,
The voice of the Bard in fitful mood;
His song was louder than the blast,
As the Bard of Glenmore through the forest
past.

«Wake ye from your sleep of death,
«Minstrels and Bards of other days!
«For the midnight wind is on the heath,
«And the midnight meteors dimly blaze:
«The Spectre with his Bloody Hand, *)
«Is wandering through the wild woodland;
«The owl and the raven are mute for dread,
«And the time is meet to awake the dead!

«Souls of the mighty, wake and say,
«To what high strain your harps were strung,
«When Lochlin plough'd her billowy way,
«And on your shores her Norsemen flung?
«Her Norsemen train'd to spoil and blood,
«Skill'd to prepare the Raven's food,
«All, by your harpings doom'd to die
«On bloody Largs and Loncarty. **)

«Mute are ye all? No murmurs strange
«Upon the midnight breeze sail by;
«Nor through the pines with whistling change,
«Mimic the harp's wild harmony!

*) The forest of Glenmore is haunted by a spirit called Lhamdearg, or Red-hand.

**) Where the Norwegian invader of Scotland received two bloody defeats.

“Mute are ye now? — Ye ne’er were mute,
“When Murder with his bloody foot,
“And Rapine with his iron hand,
“Were hovering near yon mountain strand.

“O yet awake the strain to tell,
“By every deed in song enroll’d,
“By every chief who fought or fell,
“For Albion’s weal in battle bold; —
“From Coilgach, *) first who roll’d his car,
“Through the deep ranks of Roman war,
“To him, of veteran memory dear,
“Who victor died on Aboukir.

“By all their swords, by all their scars,
“By all their names, a mighty spell!
“By all their wounds, by all their wars,
“Arise, the mighty strain to tell!
“For fiercer than fierce Hengist’s strain,
“More impious than the heathen Dane,
“More grasping than all-grasping Rome,
“Gaul’s ravening legions hither come!” —

The wind is hush’d, and still the lake —
Strange murmurs fill my tingling ears,

*) The Galgacus of Tacitus.

Bristles my hair, my sinews quake,
At the dread voice of other years —
«When targets clash'd, and bugles rung,
«And blades round warriors' heads were flung,
«The foremost of the band were we,
«And hymn'd the joys of Liberty!»

THE RESOLVE.

IN IMITATION OF AN OLD ENGLISH POEM. — 1809.

My wayward fate I needs must plain,
Though bootless be the theme;
I loved, and was beloved again,
Yet all was but a dream:
For, as her love was quickly got,
So it was quickly gone;
No more I'll bask in flame so hot,
But coldly dwell alone.

Not maid more bright than maid was e'er
My fancy shall beguile,
By flattering word, or feigned tear,
By gesture, look, or smile:
No more I'll call the shaft fair shot,
Till it has fairly flown,
Nor scorch me at a flame so hot; —
I'll rather freeze alone.

Each ambush'd Cupid I'll defy,
In cheek, or chin, or brow,
And deem the glance of woman's eye
As weak as woman's vow:
I'll lightly hold the lady's heart,
That is but lightly won;

I'll steel my breast to beauty's art,
And learn to live alone.

The flaunting torch soon blazes out,
The diamond's ray abides,
The flame its glory hurls about,
The gem its lustre hides;
Such gem I fondly deem'd was mine,
And glow'd a diamond stone,
But, since each eye may see it shine,
I'll darkling dwell alone.

No waking dream shall tinge my thought
With dyes so bright and vain,
No silken net, so slightly wrought,
Shall tangle me again:
No more I'll pay so dear for wit,
I'll live upon mine own;
Nor shall wild passion trouble it, —
I'll rather dwell alone.

And thus I'll hush my heart to rest,
Thy loving labour's lost;
Thou shalt no more be wildly blest,
To be so strangely crost:
The widow'd turtles mateless die,
The phoenix is but one;
They seek no loves — no more will I —
I'll rather dwell alone."

E P I T A P H,

DESIGNED FOR A MONUMENT IN LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL,

AT THE BURIAL PLACE OF THE FAMILY OF MISS

SEWARD.

AMID these Aisles, where once his precepts show'd
The Heavenward path-way which in life he trod,
This simple tablet marks a Father's bier,
And those he loved in life, in death are near;
For him, for them, a Daughter bade it rise,
Memorial of domestic charities.

Still would'st thou know why o'er the marble
spread,

In female grace the willow droops her head;
Why on her branches, silent and unstrung,
The minstrel harp is emblematic hung;
What Poet's voice is smother'd here in dust
Till waked to join the chorus of the just, —
Lo! one brief line an answer sad supplies,
Honour'd, beloved, and mourn'd, here SEWARD
lies!

Her worth, her warmth of heart, let friendship
say,

Go seek her genius in her living lay.

T H E
RETURN TO ULSTER.

ONCE again, but how changed since my wand'-
rings began —

I have heard the deep voice of the Lagan and
Bann,

And the pines of Clanbrassil resound to the roar,
That wearies the echoes of fair Tullamore,
Alas! my poor bosom, and why shouldst thou burn!
With the scenes of my youth can its raptures
return?

Can I live the dear life of delusion again,
That flow'd when these echoes first mix'd with
my strain?

It was then that around me, though poor and
unknown,

High spells of mysterious enchantment were
thrown;

The streams were of silver, of diamond the dew,
The land was an Eden, for fancy was new.

I had heard of our bards, and my soul was on fire
At the rush of their verse and the sweep of their
lyre:

To me 'twas not legend, nor tale to the ear,
But a vision of noontide, distinguish'd and clear.

Ultonia's old heroes awoke at the call,
And renew'd the wild pomp of the chace and
the hall;
And the standard of Fion flash'd fierce from on
high,
Like a burst of the sun when the tempest is nigh. *)
It seem'd that the harp of green Erin once more
Could renew all the glories she boasted of yore. —
Yet why at remembrance, fond heart, shouldst
thou burn?
They were days of delusion, and cannot return.
But was she, too, a phantom, the Maid who
stood by,
And listed my lay, while she turn'd from mine
eye?
Was she, too, a vision, just glancing to view,
Then dispersed in the sun-beam or melted to dew?
Oh! would it had been so, — O would that
her eye
Had been but a star-glance that shot through
the sky,
And her voice that was moulded to melody's thrill,
Had been but a zephyr that sigh'd and was still!

*) In ancient Irish poetry, the standard of Fion, or Fingal, is called the *Sun-burst*, an epithet feebly rendered by the *Sun-beam* of Macpherson.

Oh! would it had been so, — not then this
poor heart
Had learn'd the sad lesson, to love and to part;
To bear, unassisted, its burthen of care,
While I toil'd for the wealth I had no one to
share.

Not then had I said, when life's summer was done,
And the hours of her autumn were fast speeding
on,

"Take the fame and the riches ye brought in
 your train,
 "And restore me the dream of my spring-tide
 again."

T H E
MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

“O TELL me, Harper, wherefore flow
Thy wayward notes of wail and woe
Far down the desert of Glencoe,

Where none may list their melody?
Say, harp'st thou to the mists that fly,
Or to the dun deer glancing by,
Or to the eagle that from high
Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy.”

“No, not to these, for they have rest, —
The mist-wreath has the mountain-crest,
The stag his lair, the erne her nest,
Abode of lone security.

But those for whom I pour the lay,
Not wild-wood deep, nor mountain grey,
Not this deep dell that shrouds from day,
Could screen from treach'rous cruelty.

“Their flag was furl'd, and mute their drum,
The very household dogs were dumb,
Unwont to bay at guests that come
In guise of hospitality.

His blithest notes the piper plied,
Her gayest snood the maiden tied,
The dame her distaff flung aside,
To tend her kindly housewifery.

«The hand that mingled in the meal,
At midnight drew the felon steel,
And gave the host's kind breast to feel
Meed for his hospitality!
The friendly hearth which warm'd that hand,
At midnight arm'd it with the brand
That bade destruction's flames expand
Their red and fearful blazonry.

«Then woman's shriek was heard in vain,
Nor infancy's unpitied plain,
More than warrior's groan, could gain
Respite from ruthless butchery!
The winter wind that whistled shrill,
The snows that night that eloked the hill,
Though wild and pitiless, had still
Far more than southron clemency.

«Long have my harp's best notes been gone,
Few are its strings, and faint their tone,
They can but sound in desert lone
Their grey-hair'd master's misery.

Were each grey hair a minstrel string,
Each chord should imprecations fling,
Till startled Scotland loud should ring,
„Revenge for blood and treachery.“

PROLOGUE
TO MISS BAILLIE'S PLAY
OF THE
FAMILY LEGEND.

'Tis sweet to hear expiring Summer's sigh,
Through forests tinged with russet, wail and die;
'Tis sweet and sad the latest notes to hear
Of distant music, dying on the ear;
But far more sadly sweet, on foreign strand,
We list the legends of our native land,
Link'd as they come with every tender tie,
Memorials dear of youth and infancy.

Chief, thy wild tales, romantic Caledon,
Wake keen remembrance in each hardy son.
Whether on India's burning coasts he toil,
Or till Acadia's *) winter-fetter'd soil,
He hears with throbbing heart and moisten'd
eyes,

*) Acadia, or Nova Scotia.

And as he hears, what dear illusions rise!
It opens on his soul his native dell,
The woods wild waving, and the water's swell;
Tradition's theme. the tower that threatens the
plain,

The mossy cairn that hides the hero slain;
The cot beneath whose simple porch were told,
By grey-hair'd patriarch, the tales of old,
The infant group that hush'd their sports the
while,

And the dear maid who listen'd with a smile.
The wanderer, while the vision warms his brain,
Is denizen of Scotland once again.

Are such keen feelings to the crowd confined,
And sleep they in the Poet's gifted mind?
Ah no! For She, within whose mighty page
Each tyrant Passion shows his woe and rage,
Has felt the wizard influence they inspire,
And to your own traditions tuned her lyre.
Yourselves shall judge — whoe'er has raised the
sail
By Mull's dark coast, has heard this evening's
tale.

The plaided boatman, resting on his oar,
Points to the fatal rock amid the roar
Of whitening waves, and tells whate'er to-night
Our humble stage shall offer to your sight;

Proudly preferr'd that first our efforts give
Scenes glowing from her pen to breathe and
live;

More proudly yet, should Caledon approve
The filial token of a Daughter's love !

FAREWELL TO MACKENZIE, HIGH CHIEF OF KINTAIL.

FROM THE GAELIC.

The original verses are arranged to a beautiful Gaelic air, of which the chorus is adapted to the double pull upon the oars of a galley, and which is therefore distinct from the ordinary jorrams, or boat-songs. They were composed by the Family Bard upon the departure of the Earl of Seaforth, who was obliged to take refuge in Spain, after an unsuccessful effort at insurrection in favour of the Stuart family, in the year 1718.

FAREWELL to Mackenneth, great Earl of the North,
The Lord of Lochcarron, Glenshiel, and Seaforth;
To the Chieftain this morning his course who
began,
Launching forth on the billows his bark like a
swan.

For a far foreign land he has hoisted his sail,
Farewell to Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail!

O swift be the galley, and hardy her crew,
May her captain be skilful, her mariners true,
In danger undaunted, unwearied by toil,
Though the whirlwind should rise, and the ocean
should boil:

On the brave vessel's gunnel I drank his bonail,*
And farewell to Mackenzie, High Chief of
Kintail.

Awake in thy chamber, thou sweet southland
gale!

Like the sighs of his people, breathe soft on
his sail;

Be prolong'd as regret, that his vassals must
know,

Be fair as their faith, and sincere as their woe:
Be so soft, and so fair, and so faithful, sweet
gale,

Wafting onward Mackenzie, High Chief of
Kintail!

*) Bonail', or Bonallez, the old Scottish phrase for a
feast at parting with a friend.

Be his pilot experienced, and trusty, and wise,
To measure the seas and to study the skies:
May he hoist all his canvass from streamer to
deck,
But O! crowd it higher when wafting him back —
Till the cliffs of Skooroora, and Conan's glad
vale,
Shall welcome Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail!

IMITATION
OF THE PRECEDING SONG.

So sung the old Bard, in the grief of his heart,
When he saw his loved Lord from his people
depart.

Now mute on thy mountains, O Albyn, are heard
Nor the voice of the song, nor the harp of the
bard;

Or its strings are but waked by the stern-winter
gale,

As they mourn for Mackenzie, last Chief of
Kintail.

From the far Southland border a Minstrel came
forth,

And he waited the hour that some Bard of the
north,

His hand on the harp of the ancient should cast,
And bid its wild numbers mix high with the
blast;

But no Bard was there left in the land of the
Gael,

To lament for Mackenzie, last Chief of Kintail.

And shalt thou then sleep, did the Minstrel
exclaim,

Like the son of the lowly, unnoticed by fame?

No, Son of Fitzgerald! in accents of woe,

The song thou hast loved o'er thy coffin shall
flow,

And teach thy wild mountains to join in the
wail,

That laments for Mackenzie, last Chief of Kintail.

In vain, the bright course of thy talents to wrong,
Fate deaden'd thine ear and imprison'd thy
tongue;

For brighter o'er all her obstructions arose
The glow of the genius they could not oppose;
And who in the land of the Saxon or Gael,
Might match with Mackenzie, High Chief of
Kintail.

Thy sons rose around thee in light and in love,
All a father could hope, all a friend could
approve;

What vails it the tale of thy sorrows to tell, —
In the spring time of youth and of promise
they fell!

Of the line of Fitzgerald remains not a male,
To bear the proud name of the Chief of Kintail.

And thou, gentle Dame, who must bear to thy
grief,
For thy clan and thy country the cares of a
Chief,
Whom brief rolling moons in six changes have
left,
Of thy husband, and father, and brethren bereft,
To thine ear of affection, how sad is the hail,
That salutes thee the Heir of the line of Kintail!

WAR-SONG OF LACHLAN, HIGH CHIEF OF MACLEAN.

FROM THE GAELIC.

This song appears to be imperfect, or at least, like many of the early Gaelic poems, makes a rapid transition from one subject to another; from the situation, namely, of one of the daughters of the clan, who opens the song by lamenting the absence of her lover, to an eulogium over the military glories of the Chieftain. The translator has endeavoured to imitate the abrupt stile of the original.

A WEARY month has wander'd o'er
Since last we parted on the shore;
Heaven! that I saw thee, Love, once more,
Safe on that shore again! —
'Twas valiant Lachlan gave the word:
Lachlan, of many a galley lord:
He call'd his kindred bands on board,
And launch'd them on the main.

Clan-Gillian *) is to ocean gone;
Clan-Gillian, fierce in foray known;
Rejoicing in the glory won,
In many a bloody broil:
For wide is heard the thundering fray,
The rout, the ruin, the dismay,
When from the twilight glens away
Clan-Gillian drives the spoil.

Woe to the hills that shall rebound
Our banner'd bag-pipes' maddening sound;
Clan-Gillian's onset echoing round,
Shall shake their inmost cell.
Woe to the bark whose crew shall gaze,
Where Lachlan's silken streamer plays;
The fools might face the lightening's blaze
As wisely and as well!

*) i. e. The clan of Maclean, literally the race of Gillian.

SAINT CLOUD.

Soft spread the southern Summer night
Her veil of darksome blue;
Ten thousand stars combined to light
The terrace of Saint Cloud.

The evening breezes gently sigh'd,
Like breath of lover true,
Bewailing the deserted pride
And wreck of sweet Saint Cloud.

The drum's deep roll was heard afar,
The bugle wildly blew
Good night to Hulan and Hussar,
That garrison Saint Cloud.

The startled Naiads from the shade
With broken urns withdrew,
And silenced was that proud cascade,
The glory of Saint Cloud.

We sate upon its steps of stone,
Nor could its silence rue,

When waked to music of our own,
The echoes of Saint Cloud.

Slow Seine might hear each lovely note
Fall light as summer-dew,
While through the moonless air they float,
Prolong'd from fair Saint Cloud.

And sure a melody more sweet
His waters never knew,
Though music's self was wont to meet,
With Princes at Saint Cloud.

Nor then, with more delighted ear,
The circle round her drew,
Than ours, when gather'd round to hear
Our songstress at Saint Cloud.

Few happy hours poor mortals pass, —
Then give those hours their due,
And rank among the foremost class
Our evenings at Saint Cloud.

PARIS, *Sept. 5*, 1815.

THE

DANCE OF DEATH.

I.

NIGHT and morning were at meeting
Over Waterloo;
Cocks had sung their earliest greeting,
Faint and low they crew,
For no paly beam yet shone
On the heights of Mount Saint John;
Tempest-clouds prolong'd the sway
Of timeless darkness over day;
Whirlwind, thunder-clap, and shower,
Mark'd it a predestined hour.
Broad and frequent through the night
Flash'd the sheets of levin-light;
Musquets, glancing lightnings back,
Shew'd the dreary bivouack
Where the soldier lay,
Chill and stiff, and drench'd with rain,
Wishing dawn of morn again
Though death should come with day.

II.

'Tis at such a tide and hour,
Wizard, witch, and fiend have power,
And ghastly forms through mist and shower
Gleam on the gifted ken;
And then the affrighted prophet's ear
Drinks whispers strange of fate and fear,
Presaging death and ruin near

Among the sons of men; —
Apart from Albyn's war-array,
'Twas then grey Allan sleepless lay;
Grey Allan, who, for many a day,

Had follow'd stout and stern,
Where, through battle's rout and reel,
Storm of shot and hedge of steel,
Led the grandson of Lochiel,

Valiant Fassiefern.
Through steel and shot he leads no more,
Low-laid 'mid friends' and foemen's gore —
But long his native lake's wild shore,
And Sunart rough, and high Ardgower,
And Morvern long shall tell,
And proud Bennevis hear with awe,
How, upon bloody Quatre-Bras,
Brave Cameron heard the wild hurra
Of conquest as he fell.

III.

'Lone on the outskirts of the host,
The weary sentinel held post,
And heard, through darkness far aloof,
The frequent clang of courser's hoof,
Where held the cloak'd patrol their course,
And spurr'd 'gainst storm the swerving horse;
But there are sounds in Allan's ear,
Patrol nor sentinel may hear,
And sights before his eye aghast
Invisible to them have pass'd,

When down the destined plain
'Twixt Britain and the bands of France,
Wild as marsh-borne meteors glance,
Strange phantoms wheel'd a revel dance,
And doom'd the future slain. —
Such forms were seen, such sounds were heard,
When Scotland's James his march prepared
For Flodden's fatal plain;
Such, when he drew his ruthless sword,
As Chusers of the Slain, adored
The yet unchristen'd Dane.
An indistinct and phantom band,
They wheel'd their ring-dance hand in hand,
With gesture wild and dread;
The Seer, who watch'd them ride the storm,
Saw through their faint and shadowy form
The lightning's flash more red;

And still their ghastly roundelay
Was of the coming battle-fray,
And of the destined dead.

IV.

S o n g.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Our airy feet,
So light and fleet,
They do not bend the rye
That sinks its head when whirlwinds rave,
And swells again in eddying wave,
As each wild gust blows by;

But still the corn,
At dawn of morn,
Our fatal steps that bore,
At eve lies waste
A trampled paste
Of blackening mud and gore.

V.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Wheel the wild dance!
Brave sons of France,
For you our ring makes room;
Makes space full wide
For martial pride,
For banner, spear, and plume.
Approach, draw near,
Proud cuirassier!
Room for the men of steel!
Through crest and plate
The broad-sword's weight
Both head and heart shall feel.

VI.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,

And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Sons of the spear!
You feel us near
In many a ghastly dream;
With fancy's eye
Our forms you spy,
And hear our fatal scream.
With clearer sight
Ere falls the night,
Just when to weal or woe
Your disembodied souls take flight
On trembling wing — each startled sprite
Our choir of death shall know.

VII.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Burst, ye clouds, in tempest showers,
Redder rain shall soon be ours —
See the east grows wan —

Yield we place to sterner game,
Ere deadlier bolts and drearer flame
Shall the welkin's thunders shame;
Elemental rage is tame
To the wrath of man."

VHI.

At morn, grey Allan's mates with awe
Heard of the vision'd sights he saw,
The legend heard him say;
But the seer's gifted eye was dim,
Deafen'd his ear, and stark his limb,
Ere closed that bloody day —
He sleeps far from his highland heath, —
But often of the Dance of Death
His comrades tell the tale
On picquet-post, when ebbs the night,
And waning watch-fires glow less bright,
And dawn is glimmering pale.

ROMANCE OF DUNOIS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

The original of this little Romance makes part of a manuscript collection of French Songs, probably compiled by some young officer, which was found on the Field of Waterloo, so much stained with clay and with blood, as sufficiently to indicate what had been the fate of its late owner. The song is popular in France, and is rather a good specimen of the style of composition to which it belongs. — The translation is strictly literal.

It was Dunois, the young and brave, was
bound for Palestine,
But first he made his orisons before Saint Mary's
shrine:
"And grant, immortal Queen of Heaven," was
still the Soldier's prayer,
"That I may prove the bravest knight, and love
the fairest fair."

His oath of honour on the shrine he graved it
with his sword,

And follow'd to the Holy Land the banner of
his Lord;

Where, faithful to his noble vow, his war-cry
fill'd the air,

«Be honour'd aye the bravest knight, beloved
the fairest fair.»

They owed the conquest to his arm, and then
his liege-lord said,

«The heart that has for honour beat by bliss must
be repaid, —

My daughter Isabel and thou shall be a wedded
pair,

For thou art bravest of the brave, she fairest
of the fair.»

And then they bound the holy knot before Saint
Mary's shrine,

That makes a paradise on earth if hearts and
hands combine;

And every lord and lady bright that were in
chapel there,

Cried, «Honour'd be the bravest knight, be-
loved the fairest fair.»

THE TROUBADOUR.

GLOWING with love, on fire for fame,
A Troubadour that hated sorrow,
Beneath his Lady's window came,
And thus he sung his last good-morrow:
"My arm it is my country's right,
My heart is in my true love's bower;
Gaily for love and fame to fight
Befits the gallant Troubadour."

And while he march'd with helm on head
And harp in hand, the descant rung,
As faithful to his favourite maid,
The minstrel burthen still he sung:
"My arm it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
Resolved for love and fame to fight,
I come, a galant Troubadour."

Even when the battle-roar was deep,
With dauntless heart he hew'd his way,
Mid splintering lance and falchion-sweep,
And still was heard his warrior-lay;

«My life it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
For love to die, for fame to fight,
Becomes the valiant Troubadour.»

Alas! upon the bloody field
He fell beneath the foeman's glaive,
But still, reclining on his shield,
Expiring sung the exulting stave:
«My life it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
For love and fame to fall in fight
Becomes the valiant Troubadour.»

FROM THE FRENCH.

It chanced that Cupid on a season,
By Fancy urged, resolved to wed,
But could not settle whether Reason
Or Folly should partake his bed.

What does he then? — Upon my life,
'Twas bad example for a deity —
He takes me Reason for his wife,
And Folly for his hours of gaiety.

Though thus he dealt in petty treason,
He loved them both in equal measure;
Fidelity was born of Reason,
And Folly brought to bed of Pleasure.

S O N G ,

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE PITT CLUB
OF SCOTLAND.

O DREAD was the time, and more dreadful the
omen,

When the brave on Marengo lay slaughter'd
in vain,

And, beholding broad Europe bow'd down by
her foemen,

PITT closed in his anguish the map of her
reign!

Not the fate of broad Europe could bend his
brave spirit

To take for his country the safety of shame;

O then in her triumph remember his merit,

And hallow the goblet that flows to his name.

Round the husbandman's head, while he traces
the furrow,

The mists of the winter may mingle with
rain,

He may plough it with labour, and sow it in
sorrow,

And sigh while he fears he has sow'd it in
vain;

He may die ere his children shall reap in their
gladness,

But the blithe harvest-home shall remember
his claim;

And their jubilee-shout shall be soften'd with
sadness,

While they hallow the goblet that flows to
his name.

Though anxious and timeless his life was ex-
pended,

In toils for our country preserved by his
care,

Though he died ere one ray o'er the nations
ascended,

To light the long darkness of doubt and de-
spair;

The storms he endured in our Britain's De-
cember,

The perils his wisdom foresaw and o'ercame,
In her glory's rich harvest shall Britain re-
member,

And hallow the goblet that flows to his name.

Nor forget His grey head, who, all dark in affliction,

Is deaf to the tale of our victories won,
And to sounds the most dear to paternal affection,
The shout of his people applauding his Son;
By his firmness unmoved in success or disaster,
By his long reign of virtue, remember his claim!

With our tribute to PITT join the praise of his Master,

Though a tear stain the goblet that flows to his name.

Yet again fill the wine-cup, and change the sad measure,

The rites of our grief and our gratitude paid,
To our Prince, to our Heroes, devote the bright treasure,

The wisdom that plann'd, and the zeal that obey'd!

Fill WELLINGTON's cup till it beam like his glory,
Forget not our own brave DALHOUSIE and GRÆME;

A thousand years hence hearts shall bound at their story,

And hallow the goblet that flows to their fame.

SONG,

ON THE LIFTING OF THE BANNER OF THE HOUSE OF
BUCCLEUCH, AT A GREAT FOOT-BALL MATCH ON
CARTERHAUGH.

FROM the brown crest of Newark its summons
extending,
Our signal is waving in smoke and in flame;
And each forester blithe from his mountain
descending,
Bounds light o'er the heather to join in the
game.

CHORUS.

*Then up with the Banner, let forest winds fan
her,
She has blazed over Ettricke eight ages and
more;
In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her,
With heart and with hand, like our fathers
before.*

When the Southern invader spread waste and
 disorder,
 At the glance of her crescents he paused and
 withdrew,
 For around them were marshall'd the pride of
 the Border,
 The Flowers of the Forest, the Bands of
 BUCCLEUCH.
 Then up with the Banner, etc.

A stripling's weak hand to our revel has born
 her,
 No mail-glove has grasp'd her, no spearmen
 surround;
 But ere a bold foeman should scathe or should
 scorn her,
 A thousand true hearts would be cold on the
 ground.
 Then up with the Banner, etc.

We forget each contention of civil dissension,
 And hail, like our brethren, HOME, DOUGLAS,
 and CAR;
 And ELLIOT and PRINGLE in pastime shall mingle,
 As welcome in peace as their fathers in war.
 Then up with the Banner, etc.

Then strip, lads, and to it, though sharp be
the weather,
And if, by mischance, you should happen to
fall,
There are worse things in life than a tumble on
heather,
And life is itself but a game at foot-ball.
Then up with the Banner, etc.

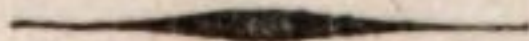
And when it is over, we'll drink a blithe mea-
sure
To each laird and each lady that witness'd
our fun,
And to every blithe heart that took part in our
pleasure,
To the lads that have lost and the lads that
have won.
Then up with the Banner, etc.

May the Forest still flourish, both Borough and
Landward,
From the hall of the Peer to the herd's ingle-
nook;
And huzza! my brave hearts, for BUCCLEUCH and
his standard,
For the King and the Country, the Clan and
the Duke!

*Then up with the Banner , let forest winds fan
her ,*

*She has blazed over Ettricke eight ages and
more ;*

*In sport we'll attend her , in battle defend her ,
With heart and with hand like our fathers
before.*



CORRECTION.

In Nro. 1. of this edition, see 1. Vol. of Byrons works, is the last line but one, of the 49. Stanza of the 1. Canto, page 32, left out.

«Still does he mark it with triumphant boast,»

CORRECTION.

In Vol. 1. of this edition, page 1, Vol. of By-
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Stanzas of the 1. Canto, page 32, left col.
"Still does he mark it with triumphant boast,"

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OF
ENGLISH CLASSICS.

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